WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 33

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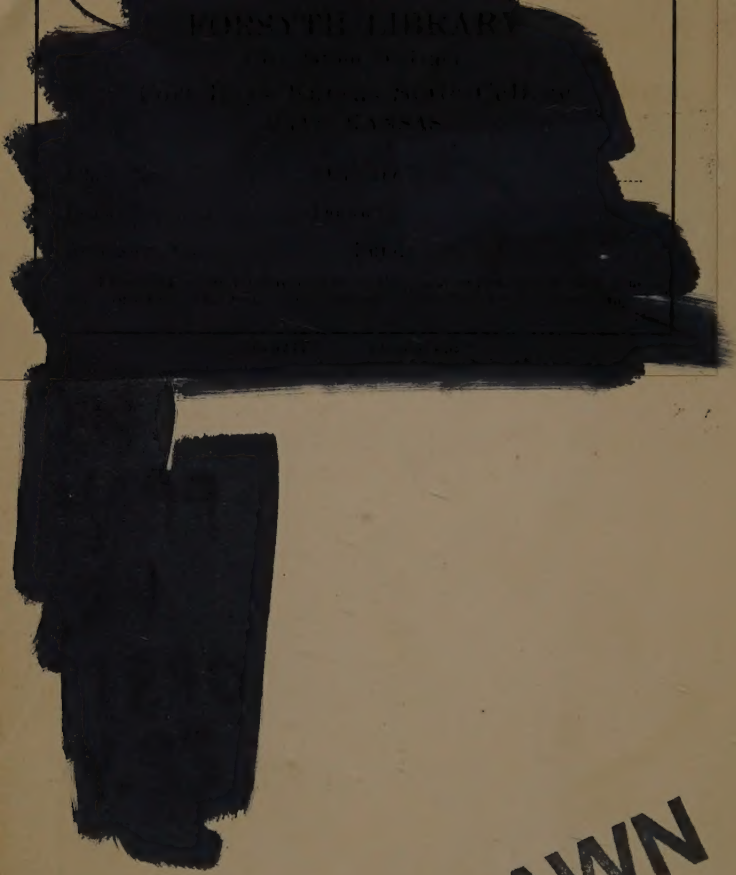

WITHDRAWN

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 33

— INCLUDING —

"JULIA AND ANNIE THOMAS'S FAVORITE SELECTIONS"

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

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WERNER'S
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No. 33

— INCLUDING —

"Julia and Annie Thomas's Favorite Selections"

THE DAY IS DONE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
  The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
  The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
  And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
  And as silently steal away.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place where, as we may fancy, the veil is thin which hides the Divinity behind it.—*Confucian Classics.*

THE King from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall fall to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good;
Endowed with the strength of heroes
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither, when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in palace hall;
Never one so beautiful
Had adorned the stately wall.

The King, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate;

The lips—half sad, half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace—
Were the very lips of a woman
He had seen in the market-place;
But the smile which the face transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him—
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells;
How in every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."

WISHES.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

"GIVE me the bracelets that your warriors wear!"
The Roman traitress to the Sabine cried.
"Give me but them and I will be your guide,
And to your host the city's gates unbar."
Then to the walls each eager warrior rushed,
And on the base Tarpeia as he passed,
Each from his arm the massive circlet cast
Till her slight form beneath the weight was crushed.

Thus are our idle wishes. Thus we sigh
For some imagined good yet unattained;
For wealth, or fame, or love, and which once gained,
May, like a curse, o'er all our future lie.
Thus in our blindness do we ask of fate
The gifts that once bestowed, may crush us with their weight.

HIS BEST GIRL.

HE hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and, without waiting to register, inquired eagerly:

"Any letter for me?"

The clerk sorted over a package with the negligent attention that comes of practice, then flopped one—a very small one—on the counter.

The travelling man took it with a curious smile that twisted his face into a mask of expectancy. He smiled more as he read it. Then, oblivious of other travellers who jostled him, he

laid it tenderly against his lips and actually kissed it. A loud guffaw startled him.

"Now look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spooney for anything. Confess, now, your wife didn't write that letter?"

"No, she didn't," said the travelling man, with an amazed look, as if he would like to change the subject. "That letter is from my best girl."

The admission was so unexpected that the trio of friends who had caught him said no more until after they had eaten a good dinner and were seated together in a chum's room.

Then they began to badger him.

"It's no use, you've got to read it to us, Dick," said one of them, "we want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said Dick with great coolness. "I will give you the letter and you can read it yourselves. There it is," and he laid it open on the table.

"I guess not," said the one who had been loudest in demanding it. "We like to chaff a little, but I hope we are gentlemen. The young lady would hardly care to have her letter read by this crowd," and he looked reproachfully at his friend.

"But I insist upon it," was the answer. "There is nothing in it to be ashamed of—except the spelling; that is a little shaky, I'll admit, but she won't care in the least. Read it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter, shamefacedly enough, and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed, then swallowed suspiciously, and, as he finished it, threw it on the table again and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pshaw," he said, "if I had a love letter like that——" and then was silent.

"Fair play!" cried one of the others, with an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, seeing they

made no move to take it, "and I think you'll agree with me that it's a model love letter."

And this was what he read:

"Mi owen deer PaPa. I sa mi PRairs every nite annd Wen i kis yure Pictshure i ASK god to bless you gOOd bi Pa Pa yure Best gurl DOLLY."

For a moment or two the company remained silent, while the letter was passed from hand to hand, and you would have said that every one had hay fever by the snuffling that was heard. Then Hardy jumped to his feet.

"Three cheers for Dolly and three cheers more for Dick's best girl!"

They were given with a will.

APPARITIONS.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till, that May morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star.

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!

NOBILITY,

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

I DO not ask if an illustrious name
Has shed upon thy birth its purple glow;
Nor do I ask what titles thou canst claim,
What ribbon favors, such as kings bestow.

Why should I, when upon thy brow I see,
In its expression of all lofty things,
The insignia of that true nobility
That bears the impress of the King of kings.

THE BON TON SALOON.

BY THE EDITOR OF "ALL THE WORLD."

SUNSHINY, crisp, broke that October morning,
Montana way;
Down the white roadways of Helena tramping,
At break of day,
Gang after gang of brisk workmen came thronging,
Gathering soon
Where crawled long, snakelike trenches, in front of
The Bon Ton saloon.

Oh, you would never have looked for a hero
Out of that crowd!
Navvies from East and from West were assembled,
Soiled, labor-bowed,
Infidels, Jews—and one Salvation soldier,
Humming a tune,
Digging away where the trench ran in front of
The Bon Ton saloon.

Waked the young city to clangor and bustle,
Effort and strife.
Townsmen and ranchmen were passing, repassing,
Sinning was rife.
Whirled all the wheels of life faster and faster, till
Just at high noon
Came a great crash, and a dust cloud in front of
The Bon Ton saloon!

Silence an instant. Then oaths and quick orders,
Clamor and din.
Two men the earth-slide had buried already
Up to the chin.
Well knew the hurrying workmen unless their
Help reached them soon,
Two corpses, ready-graved, stood there in front of
The Bon Ton saloon!

Clear rose a voice from the mound that was crushing them,
"Never mind me!
I—I belong to the Salvation Army,
Dig my mate free!"
Care-free was he of the Helena soldiery.
Humming his tune,
Under the earth or above it, in front of
The Bon Ton saloon!

Half an hour later he stood on the sidewalk;
Scathless was he.
God can be trusted to always look after
"Never mind me!"
All over Helena, sinners, remember it—
How, high at noon,
Testified Tracy, entombed there in front of
The Bon Ton saloon!

THE LITTLE NEWSMAN.

IT was no wonder the men stopped their work and stared. It was no wonder that one or two of them laughed for a moment. It looked so strange and somehow out of place. None of us had ever seen or heard anything like it before.

It was in the yard of the largest marble works in the city of Chicago. Ever so many fine monuments, delicately carved and finished, stood there complete to show how well work could be done; and then there was work in all stages of finish, some pieces of marble just begun to be chiselled, little and great, simple and elegant. Then there were broken pieces of marble lying there apparently useless, and some otherwise, but broken in process of chiselling.

Not one of all these escaped the quick eye of the little street vagrant (as any of us would have called him) who had entered the yard a few moments before with such a business air, and walked from one to the other and scanned them closely. We had paid little attention to him, for we thought that for want of something worse to do he had just wandered in. It was his first question that startled us. The smiles died away from the faces of all as we listened to him. He stepped nearer to the one that he took to be boss among us, and said:

"I say, mister, how much does this cost?" He pointed to a plain marble slab that looked simple enough in the midst of so many finer ones. I can't tell you how his question sounded, for you can't hear his voice. It had in it something which brought tears instead of smiles.

The boss named the price; a disappointed look crept over the face of the ragged little newsboy, and with a forced smile that was sadder than tears he looked up with:

"Why, that's more than I thought; I ain't able to pay that."

He went on through the smaller ones inquiring the price of each, and each time looking his disappointment that all were too costly for his small means. Finally he stopped in front of a broken shaft of marble; one of the remains of an accident in the yard the day before. He took off his ragged hat, and gazing at the broken stone for a few moments he stammered out:

"I say, mister, that looks like her somehow. How much may I have it for?"

He was asked if he wanted it lettered, and when it was explained to him what that meant, and that it would cost something to have it done, he said:

"No; I can't afford that, but p'raps I can manage that myself," and again that sad, forced smile. "Ye see," he went on, "mother and I were all there was left of us, leastways as far as we know, for we haven't heard from father for ever so long. We kept house together. I earned what I could, and mother she worked as long as she was able. She wasn't very old, but she was always crying, only when she cheered up to make her little son happy—that's what she called me; but she couldn't cheer up for long. She grew sicker and sicker, and—well—I did all I could for her; but—she died last week——" The little fellow was sobbing now as he leaned on the broken shaft that reminded him of his mother.

His tears were not the only ones, I can tell you. We nodded to the boss, and he named a price so small that the manly little fellow looked up with amazement that at last he had found something within his means. He quickly closed the bargain and counted out the nickels and pennies for his prize. He walked about for a few moments among the stones spelling out, as best he could, the inscriptions, asked several questions about how it was done, and how long it took; then hastily went out like a man of business, saying:

"I'll be after it to-morrow."

He came toward the middle of the day when the morning

papers were all sold. He had a little cart which he asked us to load the stone in; and never a purchaser had left that yard with a sweeter, sadder satisfaction than our little hero. He took the streets toward the cemetery — we knew, for we watched him.

We half expected he would turn up some day to learn more about the lettering or something but he never came, and our curiosity, we thought, was likely never to be gratified.

One Monday morning as we gathered at our work, one of the men, who had seemed particularly sober, startled us with:

"I say, boys, wouldn't you like to know what became of our little newsman?"

"Yes, yes; what do you know of him?" came from several at once.

"Well," said the workman, "I will own I have thought of the little fellow every day since he was here; and somehow couldn't get rid of the thought that I should like to know what had become of him. How to find out I couldn't tell, for not one of us had asked where he lived or his name or knew any one who could tell us. Yesterday I thought of a plan; and so in the afternoon I started for the cemetery I thought it likely he carried his stone to. I was lucky, for at almost my first question the man in charge seemed to know whom I meant, and asked if I would know the stone if I saw it. I told him I would, and he started with me toward a corner of the cemetery that I was afraid was the Potter's Field. I asked him if he was taking me to to the paupers' burying-ground, for I could not somehow bear to think that our little newsman's mother had had no better place to be laid away in. He answered:

"'No; but if it hadn't been for one of your good churches down there in the city, she would have fared no better than all other paupers. You know the big mission church down on the avenue? Well, they couldn't think of burying their Sunday-school scholars in the Potter's Field, if they were "only pau-

pers," many of them; and so several years ago they bought a big lot up here just for them, and there's where I'm taking you. Here it is,' he said, as we stopped in front of a big lot, nicely fixed up—and sure enough there was our monument, at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once, just as it was when it left our yard, I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it, and saw what the little chap had done. O boys, I can't describe to you the lettering on that stone. I will confess that something blurred my eyes so I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is, but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

'MY mOTHER
SHEE DIDE LAST WEAK.
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SED SHEAD Bee WaITIN FUR—'

And here, boys, the lettering stopped. After a while I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who brought the stone.

"'Not much,' he said, 'not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, he lies there. He had been coming here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from that church that had buried the mother and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. He had sold his papers all out one day and was hurrying along the street out this way. He didn't notice the runaway team just above the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and didn't live but a day or two. He had in his hand when he was picked up an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all the

lettering on that stone with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying: "I didn't get it done, but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me.'" And, boys, he died with those words on his lips."

We were still for a while; none of us wanted to say anything.

"And now, boys, what shall we do?" said the man who had told us the story.

"Do; why here is what I want to do," said one of the men, "get the best stone in the yard, and here's a V to begin it."

We all threw in, and if we didn't get him the best stone, we got him a good one. Under his name—we got it from the superintendent of the school, and put it on because of the father, who might some day come back—we put: "He loved his mother;" and I'll warrant you will find no better lettering in that cemetery than you will find on that stone.

The superintendent of the Sunday-school wanted us to let him know when we put up the stone, and a regular delegation of them went out with us, he and some of the teachers, all of the little newsman's class, and a good many of the other scholars, and the good man who built the church got into the city the night before and came out with them. He had heard something of the story from the teacher, but you ought to have seen him when he looked at those stones; the tears ran down his cheeks and he didn't try to stop them, either.

He made a little speech, and after we had set the stone told the scholars how the little fellow had loved and worked for his mother, and how he had denied himself to put up this little stone to her memory. He told them that the little fellow loved the Saviour, too, and tried to live to please Him.

"Children," he said, "I would rather be that brave, loving, Christian little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than be king of the world and not love and respect my mother."

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,
The dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and lost, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet, oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent;
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living so death is to the dead.

NOT KNOWING.

I KNOW not what will befall me, God hangs mist o'er my eyes:
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year;
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He has waiting for the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessings, some joy so strangely sweet,
That my life can only tremble with the thanks I can't repeat.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in the arms which will not let me go:
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose;
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered words,
"He knows."

THE POOR CHILDREN.

VICTOR HUGO.

TAKE, of that little being, care,
For he is great and God contains—
Before their birth these infants are
Lights in the heaven's azure fanes.

They the kind hand of God bestows;
They come and the free gift is His;
His wisdom in their laughter shows,
And His forgiveness in their kiss.

Their gentle radiance makes us bright;
Their right is pleasure to receive;
They hunger! Heaven weeps at the sight,
And when they're cold, the angels grieve.

When innocence is in distress,
Man it convicts of infamy.
Men over angels power possess
Ah, me! What thunders fill the sky

When God—seeking those tender things
Whom, as we slumber in this shade,
He sends us decked in angels' wings—
Finds them in rags and filth arrayed!

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

"WITHOUT haste! without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! Calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST DRINK OF LAGER.

["Poy Pilly" was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked at seeing the boy in a saloon taking a glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea, Zende seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.]

"KOMMEN sie hier, Pilly!" cried Zende. "Vy vast du in te peer shops to-tay, hein? Vy trinks peer, mein poy?"

"Oh, oh, because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, eet vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks eet vill dast gute py-ant-py, and eet ees like a man to trink, ant so you trinks. Now, Pilly, eef it is gute, haf eet; ef it ees likes ein man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; *but* trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and lets me pays vor eet. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout, hier I half all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te shops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I vill puts eet een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Don' you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!"

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Zende put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little, Zende cried, "Opens dein mout, peer ist not all alums!" And he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife-point; but Billy howled.

"Vat! not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" just touched now with a knife-point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, dein peer is not haf mate, yet, Pilly!" And Billy's tongue got the least

dusting of lime and potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of licorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs een te peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic ant strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die—O—O—O—do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kills him; joost py ein leetle peer! all gute ant pure! He dells me he likes peer, ant eet ees manly to trinks eet, ant ven I gives heem te peer he cries I kills heem! So, Pilly, hier ees water; dere ist mooch water een peer—trinks dat!"

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "Ant, dere ees mooch alcohol een peer. Hier! opens dein mout!" and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommen sie hier, dein peer ist not done, Pilly," shouted Zende; and, seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then, "Pilly! hier ist more of dein peer! Hier ist jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, ant nux vomica; opens dein mout!"

"Oh, no, no! Let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again; I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be! I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes 'em avay? dakes avay dein gute peer?" cried the old man, innocently, "ven I hafs pait vor eet, and mein Pilly can trink eet pure at hees home, likes ein shentilman! Vy, poy, dese ist te makin's of peer, ant you no likes dem? All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy?"

"But the other things. Oh, the other things—they are the biggest part—ugh! they make me sick."

"Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-tay! Look, Pilly—a man he trinks all dese pad dings mix up een vater, ant call peer. Ach! he gets redt in hees faces, he gets pig een hees poddy, he gets shaky een hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets veak een hees eyes, he gets pad een hees breat, he gets mean een hees manners. Vy! Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on mein dable ees vy!"

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

"He ees all gute now," said Zende. "I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly."

ADVICE TO A HARD STUDENT.

STILL vary thy incessant task, nor plod each weary day
As if thy life were thing of earth—a servant to its clay.
Alternate with thy honest work some contemplations high:
Though toil be just, though gold be good, look upward to the sky.

Take pleasure for thy limbs at morn; at noontide wield the pen;
Converse to-night with moon and stars; to-morrow talk with men.
Cull garlands in the fields and bowers, or toy with running brooks;
Then rifle in thy chamber lone the honey of thy books.

If in the wrestlings of the mind a gladiator strong,
Give scope and freedom to thy thought, but strive not overlong.
Climb to the mountain-top serene, and let life's surges beat,
With all their whirl of striving men, far, far beneath thy feet.

But stay not ever on the height, 'mid intellectual snow,
Come down betimes to tread the grass, and roam where waters flow;
Come down betimes to rub thy hands at the domestic hearth;
Come down to share the warmth of love, and join the children's mirth.

BRAHMA.

The following from "Dschelaleddin Rumi" (translated by Ritter) describes the god Brahma, and is probably the only poem in the world which comes anywhere near picturing the great Creator of all things. The Brahmin's belief is that everything that is, is God.

I AM the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"
I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry;
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear;
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear;
I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press and musk and wine,
The guest, the host, the traveller, the goblet of crystal fine.
I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man.
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, and the sea pearl's lustre wan;
The rose, her poet nightingale, and the songs from his throat that rise;
The flint, the sparks, the taper, the moth that about it flies;
I am both Good and Evil, the deed and the deed's intent;
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, and punishment;
I am what was, is, will be—creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of all.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

DURING one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were singularly beautiful. It was plain that they were poor. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to condemn the whole in any one of the world's thoroughfares, but her face was one which it gave a sense of rest to look upon; it was earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

They had had a rare treat. They had been visiting the mountains, and were talking over the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied; and the mother bore her part all the while with such equal interest and eagerness, that no one not seeing her face would have dreamed that she was any other than an elder sister.

In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests and to ask services, especially from the elder boy; but no girl anxious to please a lover could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward, for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was the boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty, but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you, and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"Oh, give Annie the orange! Annie loves oranges," spoke

out the elder boy, with the air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple for himself. "Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because it is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on.

Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw a longing in my face, and sprang over to me, saying, "Do you want a taste, too?"

The mother smiled understandingly when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The elder boy, the little lover, held the youngest child and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested.

The other two children were toiling up and down the railroad banks, picking ox-eyed daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. They came running to give them to their mother.

"Oh, dear!" thought I; "how that poor tired woman will hate to open her eyes! and she never can take those great bunches of wilting, worthless flowers in addition to her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very

happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers, and with delight in giving their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and the train came, and we were whirling along again.

Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the elder boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to her papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many little boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

In the hurry of picking up all the parcels and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in the corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I had passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, I heard the mother say: "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back? Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?"

"Oh, mamma, don't go! We will get you some more. Don't go!" cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementos of you and your

sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children.

However, she thanked me sweetly, and said: "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them, and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will *never* die!" said I with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. We shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children who were walking behind saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summer," I think, all of those six souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never raise so many ox-eyed daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless their summers are certain to such souls as these, either here or in God's larger country.

GOLDEN-ROD.

C. A. KIEFE.

GOLDEN-ROD, nodding a welcome, golden-rod, bonny and bright,
You bring to my mind a picture, as you wave in the wind to-night—
Glory of August sunshine, music of birds and bees,
Hum of a thousand insects, shadow of apple-trees.

Close by the dusty roadside, perched on a railing high,
Right where the scorching sun-kiss darts from the blazing sky,
Two happy, sun-browned children, careless and glad and gay,
Dream out their dreams of Elfland through the long summer day.

Hats at their feet are lying—they do not heed the glare,
While to their childish fancies visions throng, passing fair.
Each is a fairy princess, mounted on steed so fleet
Scarcely the ground he touches with his fast-flying feet.

Each is a fairy princess, each has a golden crown,
Pressing the sunburnt forehead guiltless of care's dark frown.
Each has a fairy sceptre—sceptres that sway and nod;
Sceptres and crowns are blossoms—blossoms of golden-rod.

Is there a spell still hidden deep in your cells of gold,
Such as gave peasant children castles and lands to hold?
Such as transformed a fence-rail into a panting steed?
Such as made yellow blossoms sceptres of gold, indeed?

Golden-rod, nodding a welcome, weave once again the spell!
And, with your old-time magic, heal me and make me well!
Soothe my tired brain with fancies—dreams that have never been!
Show me again the glories I have in Elfland seen!

What have the long years brought me that is worth half as much?
Come back, child-heart, still hidden safe from the world's rude touch!
We will forget earth's struggles, sitting on yon green sod;
We will go back to Elfland, here, with the golden-rod.

TO A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot.
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.

But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

REVELATION.

NEVER say, I do not know;
Say I tell, and earth no ear;
Let the sibyl spirals flow
Down the cycles near and near.

Never say, I cannot do;
Say I will, and wait thou there;
Truth, the white-winged, bears the true,
And the true the truth shall bear.

Never say, I cannot see;
Look, believing, O ye blind!
Till the grander work shall be
On the palimpsest of mind.

Never say, or dumb or deaf;
Look on Him, and know, and do;
So translate His hieroglyph;
Let the God reveal in you.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.
Walk with the Beautiful!

I hear thee say: "The Beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful!

Ay, love it! 'Tis a sister that will bless
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the Beautiful!

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face,
Some in a favorite warbler of the skies;
Be not deceived! Whate'er thy eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet's cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flowers: "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
It turns the feelings prematurely old,
And they who keep their best affections young
Best love the Beautiful!

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O God! grant they won't refuse."
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men."

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered rise again.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exulting cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh, ring for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose!
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly "INDEPENDENCE,"
Which, please God, shall never die.

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

EMMA C. DOWD.

TWO men went forth one summer hour,
And both were young and brave and true;
Two loyal hearts, two brains of power,
Eager to dare and do.

Each followed right, each turned from wrong,
And strove his errors to outlive;
Each sought with hope and courage strong
The best life has to give.

For one love's fountain yielded up
Its sweetness—royally he quaffed;
The other drank a brimming cup,
A bitter, bitter draught.

One touched but stones, they turned to gold,
Wealth came and staid at his command;
The other's silver turned to mold
And dust within his hand.

The world crowned one with leaves of bay.
He ate with kings, their honors shared;
The other trod a barren way,
And few men knew or cared.

And this is life: two sow, one reaps;
Two run abreast, one gains the goal;
One laughs aloud, the other weeps
In anguish of his soul.

One seems of fate the helpless toy,
Unbroken one's triumphant chain;
God hath appointed one to joy,
Appointed one to pain.

The wisdom that doth rule the world
Is wisdom far beyond our ken;
But when all seems to ruin hurled,
God's hand is mighty then.

In God's appointments I believe.
Trusting His love, believe in this:
That though from day to day men grieve,
And life's sweet fruitage miss,

In some glad future they shall know
Why one through striving may not win;
The Book of Life will surely show
Why all these things have been.

WHAT OF THAT?

TIRED! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee, work while it is called to-day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own—
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh;
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry.
He's near thee, whereso'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ANNA L. RUTH.

WHIST, sir! Would ye plaze to speak aisy,
And sit ye down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat dhrives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlints beside,
As purty as iver ye see, sir,
But wan by wan dhrooped like, and died.
What was it that tuk them, ye're askin'?
Why, poverty, shure, and no doubt;
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dhried up in a drought.

'Twas dhreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-sthrings would break!
But there's days whin wid want and wid sorrow,
I'm thankful they're gone, for their sake.
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own;
But what wid the sthrikes and the liquor,
I'd betther be sthrugglin' alone.

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint!
The last and the darest of all!
Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or ye wouldn't be askin' at all.

What is that? Milk and food for the baby!
A docther and medicine free!
You're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor, toilin' mothers, like me!

God bless you and thim that have sent you!
A new life you've given me, so.
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mother o' mercies! have pity!
O darlint, why couldn't you wait!
Dead! dead! an' the help in the dureway!
Too late! O my baby! Too late!

UP-HILL.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

JUDGE NOT.

HOW do we know what hearts have sin?
How do we know?
Many like sepulchres, are foul within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercies secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinneth more than we?
Who can tell?
We think our brother walketh guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, less upright we
In our daily walk might be than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the good and true,
More do they need our help, and pity, too—
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day,
God help us all!
We cannot walk alone the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall—
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

UNFULFILLED.

WE'LL read that book, we'll sing that song,
But when? Oh, when the days are long;
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;
Some happy time within the year—
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship, true as steel;
Some flower of sympathy bestow—
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until with quick, reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever, just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each.
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

TRYING TO GET EVEN DON'T PAY.

SOME people's shoulders are loaded with chips,
They're looking for insults and slights,
And sometimes the days seem almost too short,
And then they lie awake nights
Thinking and planning what they will do,
And how they'll get even with those
Who thoughtlessly knock from their shoulders a chip,
Or carelessly step on their toes.
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief
Trying to get even don't pay.

I know it is natural to hit people back,
And give them as good as they send;
And also I know that wrangling and strife
Must some time come to an end.
It's better, by far, to put up with a grief
And appear to submit to a wrong,
Than try to "get even," the way of the world,
And most of us go with the throng.
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief
Trying to get even don't pay.

As the world is made up there's very few saints,
And there's very few more to be born;
The average man looks out for himself
All day from the earliest morn.

Trying to "get even" is a natural trait
Since the time of "Old Adam's" fall;
But experience shows, as every one knows,
That "honey" is cheaper than "gall."
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief
Trying to get even don't pay.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THEY say that God lives very high,
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

TIRED.

I AM tired. Heart and feet
Turn from busy mart and street.
I am tired; rest is sweet.

I am tired. I have played
In the sunshine and the shade;
I have seen the flowers fade.

I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit glad,
What has made my spirit sad.

I am tired. Loss and gain,
Golden sheaves and scattered grain,
Day has not been spent in vain.

I am tired. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me in my hopes abide.

I am tired. God is near,
Let me sleep without a fear,
Let me die without a tear.

I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within its nest;
I am tired. Home is best.

AFTER ELECTION.

ANNIE THOMAS.

COURAGE! Fight, on ye valiant ones,
Though weary, faint and few.
Have patience! Soon the right will gain
God is the Leader true.

While brothers all around us die
The battle ne'er give o'er;
While sisters' anguished sobs are heard
Be stronger than before.

While children—naked, hungry, weak,
Their pleading voices raise;
While wives with broken hearts and hopes
No longer upward gaze;

While man on level with the brute
Is brought by liquor's power,
Robbed of his manhood, strength and will—
Disgrace his children's dower;

While heartless, selfish men deal out
The poisonous, murderous drink,
Encircled by the law's broad arm
But held just on the brink;

While laws are under rum's control
And men are bought and sold—
Hold high the banner of the free,
Press onward, brave and bold!

Let naught thy progress interpose;
Lay party interests by;
For principle, for right, for God,
Strike! fight! conquer! or die.

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.

VANDYKE BROWN.

I'LL tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A boot-black—arab, if you choose.

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gallery; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and brushes.

An arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!
'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;
In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good-will and peace which poet sings!
How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
For all the world is glad to-night!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall.

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets so interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
And at this gala, festive season
You could not find a heart more light—
I'll tell you in a word the reason:
By dint of patient toil in shining
Patrician shoes and Wall Street boots,
He had within his jacket's lining
A dollar and a half—the fruits
Of pinching, saving, and a trial
Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
Than Rocket ever owned before.
A princely fortune, so he thought,
And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
What Christmas pleasures may be bought!
A dollar and a half! It tickles
The boy to say it over, musing
Upon the money's proper using;
"I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,
With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
And pie, mince pie, the very best,
And puddin'—say a double slice!
And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze;
With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese!
And after grub I'll go to see
The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
I'll let yer rip my Sunday duster!"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
And humming the air of a rollicking song,
With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
Through Centre Street he makes his way,
When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
And sees before him a slender girl,
As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched face—
So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair
With a lingering touch of childhood's grace

On her delicate features. Her head was bare
And over her shoulders disordered there hung
A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.
In misery old as in years she was young,
She gazed in his face. And, oh! for the eyes—
The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes—
That were fixed in a desperate, frightened stare.

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
The rich, the great, the good, and the wise,
Hurrying on to the warmth and light
Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
And the only one who has heard her cry,
Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings stirred,
Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
This gamin, who never so much as heard
The beautiful story of Him who lay
In the manger of old on Christmas day!

With artless pathos and simple speech,
She stands and tells him her pitiful tale;
She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
Tells of a father brutal with crime,
Tells of a mother lying dead,
At this, the gala Christmas-time;
Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky,
"I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."

What is it trickles down the cheek
Of Rocket—can it be a tear?
He stands and stares, but does not speak;
He thinks again of that good cheer

Which Christmas was to bring; he sees
  Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
The play-bill—then, in place of these
  The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes;
One mighty effort, gulping down
  The disappointment in his breast,
A quivering of the lip, a frown,
  And then, while pity pleads her best,
He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
And gives it to her like a lord!

"Here, freeze to that; I'm flush, yer see,
And then you needs it more 'an me!"
With that he turns and walks away,
So fast the girl can nothing say,
So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air.
But He who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
  No ticket for the matinée,
All drear and desolate and murky,
  In truth, a very dismal day.
With dinner on a crust of bread,
  And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash-box for a bed—
  Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,
And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
  As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
  I wonder can you guess the reason?

GRADATIM.

J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet:
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

JOHN'S MISTAKE.

MOLLY BRANDE.

WITH sombre mien and thought-beclouded brow,
He laid aside the paper that ere now
Had solely his attention occupied,
And then with trembling hand he brushed aside
The single tear, that was so very small
One well might doubt its presence there at all.

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife,
The partner of his joys and woes through life;
"What gloomy passage was it that you read?
Our friends, my dear—ah! surely, none are dead?
Quick! speak! relieve my heart of painful doubt!
What is it that you feel so sad about?"

"Wife," he replied, "I will confide in thee.
Before you saw and fell in love with me,
A score of maidens, first and last, I think,
Had also fallen over the same brink;
And one there was, whose name to-night I see
Among the married. Once she loved but me.

"But as I could not wed with more than one,
I married you, and Kate was left alone.
And I am thinking now of all the years
In store for her, all fraught with bitter tears;
For women, dear, do not so soon forget,
And in her heart, no doubt, she loves me yet.

"And now I learn that she, through pique or spite,
Was married to Tom Jones on yesternight—
As if Tom Jones could ever me replace
Or from her heart her love for me erase!
Of course, I feel myself somewhat to blame
That Kate so suddenly should change her name.

Then, with a merry laugh, his wife replied,
"O John, do cease!" then laughed until she cried,
Then cried until again she laughed with glee;
While John, quite mystified, declared that he
"Had ne'er beheld such conduct in his wife,
And hoped he never would again through life."

"But, John!" she cried, "do listen while I tell
How long Kate loved you, and—O my! how well.
She and I, you know, were girls together,
And always told our secrets to each other;
And once she told me, John, that you in vain
Had sought her hand"—and then she laughed again.

"And, John, she said—but don't be angry, dear—
That she refused you, and expressed a fear
That you some act of rashness would commit,
And begged me love you just a little bit.
And so I tried; you know the sequel, dear:
You turned from her to me; 'twas very queer."

John bit his lip in ill-concealed distaste,
And something murmured low of "youth," and "haste,"
And "boyish fancies" and "a girl's conceit,"
Too indistinctly uttered to repeat.
But you and I, of course, with half a look,
See that John wore his boot on the wrong foot.

And Mrs. John, within her merry breast,
Regarded John's mistake too good a jest
To keep. So after many an earnest charge
That I should keep it from the world at large,
She told it me; but I, being rather weak,
Have found the secret far too strong to keep.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

SHE stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I am sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir:
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered—
Little Johnny's but four years old.
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn;
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Graybeard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spoke the truth.
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprang tears,
And out from their old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
The strangest you ever saw,
And he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the law.
For one so learned in such matters,
So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered
When at last these words they heard:
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room
Mary, the "guilty" child.

GIVE US MEN.

GOD give us men; a time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and ready hands.
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and will;
Men who love honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And brave his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sunburnt, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with its thumb-worn creeds,
Its large professions, and its little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

OCH, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue;
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride;
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses
An' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothin' to say,
I'd have gone wid my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bold;
For I knew she'd not scold if I told
Uv the love in my heart
That would niver depart,
Though I lived to be wrinkled an' old.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv the baste an' I'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stalin'a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illegant red
As she said, without raisin' her head
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath her lashes so brown,
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

A PIG IN THE FENCE.

DIDST never observe when a pig in the fence
Sends forth his most pitiful shout,
How all of his neighbors betake themselves thence
To punish him ere he gets out?
What a hubbub they raise, so that others afar
May know his condition, and hence
Come running to join them in adding a scar
To the pig that is fast in the fence?

Well, swine are not all of the creatures that be,
Who find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence, and who strive to get free,
While the world is still shoving them in;
Who find that the favor they meet with depends
Not on worth, but on dollars and cents,
And that 'tis but few who will prove themselves friends
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

"BOSE."

A WESTERN FARMER'S STORY.

EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

YOU love your dog? Indeed, sir, we do;
I'll tell you why, and the tale is true:
Ten years ago, when we settled out here,
All the country being wild and drear,
I had to work both early and late
To keep my farm matters snug and straight.
My dear young wife was patient and good,
She helped me all she possibly could
By keeping the house so neat and fair—
'Twas rest and comfort to enter there.
We had but one child, a baby boy;
He helped me, too, he was such a joy.
No care was heavy, no toil severe,
With such a bright little darling near.

One more in the family, good old Bose!
Look at him now, sir! he just as well knows
As I do myself what I'm going to say,
Though he meekly turns and walks away,
Making believe he don't want to hear
The praise he's enjoyed this many a year.
Dogs are like men: they don't like to show
Pride in good deeds, but they have it, you know.

What was I saying? Oh! ten years ago,
Though our home was happy our fortunes were low;
And the only nurse or help that we had
To watch and take care of our baby lad

Was this faithful dog. If the child was asleep,
The knowing creature would cautiously creep
Close to the cradle, and there he would lie
Still as a statue, but keeping his eye—
As a sentry on duty keeps his place—
All the while on the baby's face;
And the moment he saw a lid unclose,
Up he would spring, this frolicsome Bose!
Rush to the cradle, and kiss the boy,
Who'd hug his playmate and crow for joy.

To leave our darling we had no fear,
So long as this wise protector was near;
And often my wife, in her kindly thought,
Out to the fields in the harvest-time brought
My dinner, to save me a lonesome walk,
And thus give me chance for a nice little talk.

One day, when the weather was dry and hot,
I was working down in a distant lot,
And she came as usual to bring my food,
Which seemed to taste uncommonly good;
And I kept her, after the meal was o'er,
Chatting some twenty minutes or more;
When all at once on the sultry air
Came something that woke a cry of despair.

"Our house is on fire! Great heaven! the child!"
And shrieking this in an accent wild,
She darted off with a step so fleet
I scarce could follow her flying feet.
The way was rough, and never before
Did it seem so far to our cottage door;

And when at last anear it we came
The dwelling was all one sheet of flame!
And wife, in her horror and dread amaze,
Was about to rush right into the blaze,
But I held her back—then she swooned away,
And like one that was dead in my arms she lay.

Just then to my ear came a joyful sound,
And looking in sudden wonder around
I saw—what shines in my memory yet—
A pretty picture I cannot forget:
A lump of a baby all in white,
Clapping its chubby hands with delight;
And frisking about the grassy nest
Where he'd put the birdie so safely to rest,
Was the proudest and happiest dog that you
Or any other mortal could view.
He leaped, he barked, nay, talked—in his way—
For his capers, his eyes, and his tail seemed to say,
"Look at the baby! look at the dear!
Isn't he safe and in clover here?"

Safe, indeed! why, if you'll believe—
And where would be the use to deceive?—
The child was placed at the point whence came
The wind, do you see? No breath of flame,
No spark or cinder could even reach
The hem of his garment! Now, who could teach
A poor dumb creature such wisdom as this?
Come here, old fellow, and give us a kiss!

Excuse me, sir; but whenever I tell
This curious story—somehow—well,

Just here I break down. For many a day
After this life seemed hard, I must say;
But we didn't give up, for still we were blest
With health and brave hearts; besides, we possessed
The boy and the dog, so we didn't forget
To be thankful for all that was spared to us yet.
We worked hard and prospered, as most people do
When to duty and labor and love they are true.
To-day with my fortune I'm fully content;
I've a nice home once more—owe no man a cent;
Wife looks like a girl, and as to our lad,
He's the brightest and best that parents e'er had.
He does credit to us and credit to Bose—
'Tisn't every dog that sagaciously knows
What child is worth saving. He knew. Now you see
Why the creature's so dear to wife and to me.

THE WEDDING FEE.

R. M. STREETER.

ONE morning, fifty years ago,
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!

The dew-drops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen,
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes—
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man,
And with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by that bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves, with dew-drops hung.
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And, glancing down, his eyes surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.

The maiden answers, "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble, where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed;
Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung,
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh, how she jumped! with one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground,
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.
Ah, happy were their songs that day
When, man and wife, they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Watsonville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

LIFE LEAVES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other!
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart—words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time erelong will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

"VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

VAS marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogeddher on how you look at id, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races,
Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don'd pool togeddher righdt off at der sthart,
Den dimes oudt off nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote was in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in vould be oudt;
Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash;
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience—he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" vould say,
Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;
Dink off Vashington, Franklin, und "Honest Old Abe"—
Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth babe.
I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
I pelief, every dime, in sooch "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.

Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come here eef you blease."
Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und leedle Loweeze
By dheir snnug trundle-bed vas shust saying dheir prayer,
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures dhere?"

MIRAGE.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

CLEAR shining through the swimming air,
Across a stretch of summer seas,
Far, lofty peaks gleam white and fair,
The heights of the Hesperides.

O far-off peaks! O happy isles!
I sail and sail and long for you,
And still th' enticing vision smiles
To lure me o'er the waters blue.

Below those fair and gleaming heights,
Ne'er shrouded o'er by drifting snows,
Lie gardens filled with rare delights,
And there the golden apple grows.

I sail and sail and long for you,
But never come to those fair isles:
Still stretches wide the boundless blue.
Forever still the scene beguiles.

Unclimbed those lofty mountain heights,
Far off beyond the smiling seas,
Unreached that garden of delights,
Untrodden the Hesperides.

THE LOST PEARL.

I DIPPED my hand in the sea, wantonly.
The sun shone red o'er castle and cave;
Dreaming I rocked on the sleepy wave;
I drew a pearl from the sea, wonderingly.

There in my hand it lay, who could say
How from the depths of the ocean calm
It rose, and slid itself into my palm?
I smiled at finding there pearl so fair.

I kissed the beautiful thing, marveling.
Poor till now, I had grown to be
The wealthiest maiden on land or sea.
A priceless gem was mine, pure, divine!

I hid the pearl in my breast, fearful lest
The wind should steal or the wave repent
Largess made in mere merriment,
And snatch it back again into the stream.

But careless grown, ah, me! wantonly
I held between two fingers fine
A gem above the sparkling brine,
Only to see it gleam across the stream.

I felt the treasure slide under the tide
Glittering upward, fade away.
Ah, then my tears did flow, long ago!

I weep, and weep, and weep, into the deep;
Sad am I that I could not hold
A treasure richer than virgin gold,
That Fate so sweetly gave out of the wave.

I dip my hand in the sea, longingly,
But never more will that jewel white
Shed on my soul its tender light:
My pearl lies buried deep where mermaids sleep

AT SUNSET.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IT isn't the thing you do, dear, it's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache at the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten, the letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear, are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel you were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear, the gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for, with troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness so easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels, which every mortal finds,
They come in night and silence each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging, and a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear, and sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion that tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear, it's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache at the setting of the sun.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at the brim,
Bent low with sickness, care and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphans helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go share thy lot with him.

CARCASSONNE.

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

"HOW old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long.
Yet, patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen—
It almost seems a wrong.
A dream I had when life was new:
Alas, our dreams, they come not true!
I thought to see fair Carcassonne—
That lovely city, Carcassonne.

"One sees it dimly on the height
Beyond the mountains blue.
I fain would walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening dew;
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne;
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home.
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome;
The bishop the procession leads,
And generals curb their prancing steeds:
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our vicar's right. He preaches loud,
And bids us to beware. He says,
'Oh, guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare.'
Perhaps an autumn I can find—
Two sunny days with gentle wind;
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

"My God and Father, pardon me
If this, my wish, offends;
One sees some hope more high than he
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends.
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne;
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne—
I never have seen Carcassonne!"

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair.
I said, "My friend, come, go with me
To-morrow; then thine eyes shall see
The streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church bell's low and solemn toll—
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

JACK.

"GREENS! Dand'lion greens! Greens!" shouts a child's voice.

And I heard the quick steps of small bare feet pattering up the lane. Presently a face appeared at the open window of my kitchen, where I was busy, superintending the Saturday's baking.

"Please, ma'am, don't you want a basket of fresh greens all picked with the dew on 'em? They'll make a good dinner, and only cost five cents."

Poor little manikin, I thought, to work so long and to trudge so far, all for five cents! My dinner was provided, and dandelion greens were not included in the bill-of-fare—but how could I refuse him?

"Yes, Jack, come in here and eat a doughnut while I empty your basket."

He was not slow to accept the invitation, and chattered like a magpie every minute while he eagerly devoured several doughnuts, and looked longingly at a pan of cookies just taken from the oven.

"Thank you, ma'am! You see, it makes a feller awful hungry—this dand'lion business does. I like to get 'em when they're fresh and cool, before the sun has been on 'em long, so I start at five o'clock and sometimes earlier, and, of course, I don't have any breakfast first, and when it happens that a feller hasn't had any supper either the night before, it makes him feel kind o' empty like."

All this was said without a moment's pause, and swinging his little bare heels together, as he sat perched up on the window-sill, he laughed the merriest laugh in the world, which

brought to the surface a great dimple hidden away in each sunburned cheek, and showed all his pretty white teeth.

"But you had your supper last night, hadn't you?"

"No, ma'am. You see there was only two potaters to go round, and the round they had to go was mother, Susie and me, a big round for two small potaters—don't you think so, ma'am?"

And again he laughed, as if it was the funniest thing he had ever heard of, instead of a most pathetic story.

"How did you manage?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, I haven't been to school long enough to learn how to divide two potaters among three people so that each shall have a whole one. So says I to mother, 'You take this one, and Sue and I'll handy-spandy for the other.' Then I held it behind me and said to Susie, 'Handy-spandy, Jack-a-dandy, upper hand or lower!'

"'Lower,' says Susie.

"And lower it was, to be sure, 'cause I held both hands even till she answered, and then dropped the one with the potater in it lower, which wasn't cheatin', ma'am, now, was it?"

"No, my brave little Jack; it surely was not cheating." I answered, turning away that he might not see the tears in my eyes.

"Well, Sue, you see, didn't like to take it; for she's awful generous, if she is poor, and she tried to get it back on me by saying she thought upper, and 'twas only her lips that said lower. She meant upper all the time. She isn't well—Sue isn't. She's little and white, and one potater ain't much of a supper for the like of her, anyway. And at last I made her eat the whole of it. I told her that we'd have a good dinner to-day, 'cause I knowed somebody would buy my greens, and I'm going to spend the whole five cents for one dinner. What do you think of that? I'm going to get three herrings at a cent apiece, and the rest in potatoes."

And he smacked his lips as he thought of the treat in store for them all.

"I think," he continued, "that you've paid me pretty well for my greens in doughnuts without any five cents at all. Still, as *I* look at it," he added, with a sly twinkle in his great blue eyes, "doughnuts is doughnuts and cents is cents; and the doughnuts is a present, and the cents is *pay*."

I laughed aloud at his reasoning, and said:

"Now, Jack, I want you to keep your five cents till some night when you haven't any supper, and let me fill your basket with something that I know will go around. I want Susie to have a glass of fresh milk. So you must carry this tin pail beside the basket. Do you think you can manage them both?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess you'll see whether I can manage 'em or not. But do you think I can dig greens enough to pay for all them things you're putting in?"

"No, Jack, I don't, for they are not to be paid for. I want to send these to your mother—that is all; and as you said yourself, doughnuts is doughnuts and cents is cents."

"To be sure," he answered, merrily. "Well, ma'am, I just wish you could see 'em when I tell 'em how good you've been to me. Some folks ain't good, you know," he added, with a sigh.

While I filled the basket he told me their little history, never realizing how full it was of the deepest pathos—the struggles of the poor mother to keep her family together after the death of her husband, who had left her one morning to go to his work in the great iron foundry, and was brought back to her a few hours later, having met his death while toiling for those he loved. He did not realize, either, how his own self-sacrificing spirit shone out through his words, proving to me the strength and sweetness of his character. What a hero he was, this little twelve-year-old Jack!

"Mother has worked so hard for Sue and me that she hasn't

much strength left. And don't you think," he added, straightening himself up proudly, "don't you think I'm big enough to take care of us three? Leastways, I've been lucky this morning, for I've sold my greens and found *you*."

The gratitude in his heart was plainly visible in his little face as he turned it up to me.

I told him that henceforth we would be the very best and warmest of friends, and that happier days were in store for him and for those at home.

Such a happy Jack as he was when I sent him home that April morning, with the heavy basket on one arm and the pail of milk on the other! and I wish I could tell you—for I am sure you would like to hear—what pleasant days followed for Jack and those so dear to him; but it would make such a long, long story we should never come to the end of it.

Jack is proving himself the hero I knew him to be.

He works, early and late, on a small piece of ground which we allow him to cultivate on our farm; and he carries his produce to town in a basket, strapped on his back, and he is as happy as a king—happier than many kings, I am sure.

Little, pale Susie is not half so pale as she was before she, too, had the chance given her to "help." She has free range in my flower-garden, and makes up the daintiest buttonhole bouquets, with which she fills her small basket every morning for Jack to take with him. He never finds the least difficulty in disposing of them all, and a proud little lass she is when he drops the pennies into her hand at night.

The mother is growing strong and well again, happy in her boy's thoughtful care, and cheery, light-hearted ways. He is not yet thirteen years old, but his mother calls him the "head of the house," and he truly deserves the title. Brave little man—God bless him!

DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.
And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

And mallet soon and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.
A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.
The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles at my feet!
O joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies!

Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
Encumbered heart and hands:
Spare not the chisel, set me free,
However dear the bands.
How blest, if all these seeming ills,
Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
Should only prove that Thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round,
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

HOPE ON.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise the prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it, and melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure, you would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over, and pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you the hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished, and a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future, with a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for may never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading, yet pray, and with hopeful tears:
An answer, not that you long for, but diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it, yet strive, and wait, and pray.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

VICTOR HUGO.

MY daughter, go and pray! See, night is come!
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! The distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer; calm night is come again.
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully; the herds, thd flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful; all young children, with bent knees,
Eyes raised to heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer,
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. O peaceful cradle-sleep!
O childhood's hallowed prayer; religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

ANNABEL LEE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IT was many, full many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee:
With a love the wingéd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee:
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes, that was the reason, as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so all the night tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

WOMEN OF THE WAR.

ANNIE THOMAS.

[Written for and read before the Soldiers and Sailors' Department of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, at the commemoration of Women of the War, May 30, 1887, New York City.]

ALL praise, all honor to the valiant men
Who, casting fortune by, and risking life,
Left home and loved ones—all that life holds dear—
To fight for country or for country die.

Speak of their valor oft in thankful words,
Sing loud and clear their praise, in notes of love;
Cover their graves with bays and flowers to-day.
Of them, too much cannot be said or sung.

And to the living, wounded heroes—all,
Who gave the best of life—the dearest gift;
Who, maimed, are destined now through time to go—
Our country's best and choicest gifts be tendered.

Others there are who bore no minor part
In the dread conflict of our civil strife;
Who bravely, with tongue and pen, aye, and with life,
Defended right as only woman may;

Who in the hospital with gentle hand
Bound up the bleeding wound, cooled the parched lip;
With aching brow, night after night kept watch,
Tenderly nursing the dying back to life.

Or those, who, patient, toiled alone at home,
Bearing the double burden on them thrown;
Struggling, and often 'midst hunger, cold and grief,
To rear the little ones that to them clung.

The noble, patient mothers, sisters, wives,
Who, with brave hearts and loving, hopeful words,
Hiding their sorrow, denying even tears,
Cheered on the weary, homesick patriots.

The dear old grandmother, whose trembling hands
Knitted away for them—her soldiers all—
Until the poor eyes, dim with age and tears,
Grown blinded quite, the stitch no longer found.

The tender, loving younger ones—sweethearts—
For love of whom and praise from whom full oft,
The soldier nerved his heart and marched away
To combat, suffering, privation, death.

To these we also render thanks to-day;
Of these—brave ones—our heartfelt songs are sung.
The memory of these to-day refreshed with tears;
These, also, wreathe we with immortal flowers.

SUGGESTION.

RICHARD REALPH.

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-measured the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden
Into the sculpture that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

reat are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is
greater;
ast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
ack of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands
the giving;
ack of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of re-
ceiving.

pace is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
he heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the
wooing;
nd up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
heights where those shine,
win voices and shadows swim starward and the essence of life
is divine.

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

ELIZABETH DORNEY.

JOHN and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.
John was a statesman and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher and Paul—a knave.
Evil or good, as the case might be,
White, or colored, or bond, or free—
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;

Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee—
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his state,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great;
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own;
Robert great glory and honor received;
For zealously preaching what but few believed;
While Paul of the pleasures of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day.
John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land;
Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue;
While Paul was convicted of murder and hung.
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman, "How noble and brave!'
But of Peter, alas! "He was only a slave."
Of Robert, "'Tis well with his soul—it is well;"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law, through all nature the same,
What made them differ, and who was to blame?
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white;

Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies;
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall
John and Peter and Robert and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase;
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace;
Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word;
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.
John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God in His wisdom will care for them all.

HANS AND FRITZ.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who live side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer their spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-tay"—
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich vos holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so;
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw;
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot, now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you see
I alvays remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so, it vos now shust so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

MARGERY.

MRS. E. C. FOSTER.

AROUND the winter fire to-night,
I trace upon the ember bright
The name of one now lost to sight,
Can it be yours, my Margery?

I look around and count them all,
And wildly search around the wall,
To see if there your shadow fall,
As once it used to, Margery.

Oh, yonder is the empty chair,
Once softly cushioned in mohair,
Now broken, tattered, lone and bare,
And no one fills it, Margery.

Far in the rear's the naked bed,
The pillow that your darling head
Pressed the dark night your spirit fled,
Amid those death heaves, Margery.

Oh, lost one, do you ever weep,
Or ever there such vigils keep
As mine, when all the world's asleep?
You will not answer, Margery.

O tell me if in your high sphere
Such partings come as we have here,
And thoughts of winding-sheet and bier
Make life so bitter, Margery.

My soul is sick, I try again
To raise the old familiar strain.
Oh, you'll take up the sweet refrain;
I hear you singing, Margery.

Spring flushes up with rosy things,
Upon the spray the mock-bird sings,
I list to hear if either brings
A message from you, Margery.

They all come back, but give no sign
That you will ever here be mine,
O birdling, cowslip, columbine,
Who loved you like my Margery?

When will you come? At eventide
When phantom boats dark waters ride
Which this and your pure realm divide,
Or come at dawning, Margery?

When will you come? In winter's snow
Or when the south winds softly blow,
And sky and earth are all aglow
With God's bright presence, Margery?

I'm weary of my fleshly coil,
Weary of all my life's turmoil,
Weary of crosses, tears and toil;
For you I'll bear them, Margery.

I saw the coffin, heard the bell
That tolled the mournful funeral knell,
I knew no more—farewell! farewell!
Till we meet yonder, Margery.

It seems as if all time had sped
Since on that young and queenly head
They heaped the clods, and called you dead,
And broke my heart, my Margery.

I never knew death had the power
To rend two lives in one short hour;
They buried you, the sweet young flower,
And left me dying, Margery.

EDEN ADVANCING.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

I WANDER 'midst buddings and blossoms, and wonder if Adam in bliss,
With Eve in her beauty beside him, ever saw such gardens as this.
I wonder if skies in their softness, or flowers which waved in the air,
Or fountains which gleamed in the sunlight were fairer, or even as fair.

Wherever I turn there is grandeur, around, beneath, and above;
All nature is burdened with gladness, and sorrows seem sighings of love.
Each moment increases the rapture, as films fall off from my eyes,
New beauties unfold in these pathways, each one a still higher surprise.

The pansies with faces so human, are yellow, and purple, and blue:
And the heliotrope, bending with fragrance, is meekly and modestly true;
Geraniums in stateliness standing, as their blossoms blush in the sun,
Are as rose-red plumes of the warriors, in pride of a victory won.

Where clematis clings to the trellis and dew-drops are falling like spray;
Wisteria, climbing still higher, rejoices in gracefulness gay.

She hangs out her clusters of purple, and royally smiles in her rise,
Blessing earth in reaching toward heaven, finds heaven descending the skies.

I walk, and I talk with the flowers, as the grasses spring at my feet;
While the leaves make music above me, and in them find rapture complete;
Things seem so wonderfully human, like myself, or some one I know,
I want them to be my companions, and go with me whither I go.

I want them to soothe me in sorrow, I want them to breathe in my song;
I want them to join in my triumphs, and lead me away from the wrong.
To be first and fresh at the banquet, the last at the funeral prayer;
And when youth and beauty are wedded, have bridal wreaths crowning them there.

This garden can furnish for either, for all and have plenty to spare;
The giving which adds to the glory, makes fragrance increasingly rare.
The fields are white-robed with the daisies, meadows glow with buttercups bright;
The mountains are bursting with laurels, and brooks sing in summer delight.

I smile in unfolding florescence, I revel in excess of bloom,
Bloom leading to gardens of heaven, away from a blossomless doom.

Dear world of the brighter above us, I dream of thy glories in this;
And, drawn by such outbursts of splendor, ascend to that centre of bliss.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.

SCENE.—The shore of a lake surrounded by deep woods. A solitary cabin on its banks overshadowed by sycamore trees. The hour is evening twilight. HERMANN the missionary seated alone before the cabin.

HERMANN. Was that the light from some lone swift canoe
Shooting across the waters? No, a flash
From the night's first quick fire-fly, lost again
In the deep bay of cedars. Not a bark
Is on the wave; no rustle of a breeze
Comes through the forest. In this new, strange world,
Oh, how mysterious, how eternal, seems
The mighty melancholy of the woods!
The desert's own great spirit, infinite!
Little they know, in mine own fatherland,
Along the castled Rhine, or e'en amidst
The wild Hartz mountains, or the sylvan glades
Deep in the Odenwald, they little know
Of what is solitude! In hours like this,
There from a thousand nooks, the cottage-hearths
Pour forth red light through vine-hung lattices,
To guide the peasant, singing cheerily,
On the home path; while round his lowly porch,
With eager eyes awaiting his return,

The clustered faces of his children shine
To the clear harvest moon. Be still, fond thoughts
Melting my spirit's grasp from heavenly hope
By your vain earthward yearnings. O my God!
Draw me still nearer, closer unto Thee,
Till all the hollow of these deep desires
May with Thyself be filled! Be it enough
At once to gladden and to solemnize
My lonely life, if for Thine altar here
In this dread temple of the wilderness,
By prayer and toil and watching, I may win
The offering of one heart, one human heart,
Bleeding, repenting, loving!
Hark! a step,—
An Indian tread! I know the stealthy sound.
'Tis on some quest of evil, through the grass
Gliding so serpent-like.

[*He comes forward, and meets an Indian warrior armed.*]

Enonio, is it thou? I see thy form
Tower stately through the dusk, yet scarce mine eye
Discerns thy face.

ENONIO. My father speaks my name.

HERR. Are not the hunters from the chase returned?
The night-fires lit? Why is my son abroad?

ENO. The warrior's arrow knows of nobler prey
Than elk or deer. Now let my father leave
The lone path free.

HERR. The forest way is long
From the red chieftain's home. Rest thee awhile
Beneath my sycamore, and we will speak
Of these things further.

ENO. Tell me not of rest!
My heart is sleepless, and the dark night swift—
I must be gone.

HERR. [*solemnly*]. No, warrior, thou must stay,
The Mighty One hath given me power to search
Thy soul with piercing words—and thou must stay,
And hear me, and give answer! If thy heart
Be grown thus restless, is it not because
Within its dark folds thou hast mantled up
Some burning thought of ill?

ENO. [*impetuously*]. How should I rest?
Last night the spirit of my brother came,
An angry shadow in the moonlight streak,
And said, "Avenge me!" In the clouds this morn
I saw the frowning color of his blood—
And that, too, had a voice. I lay at noon,
Alone beside the sounding waterfall,
And through its thunder-music spake a tone—
A low tone piercing all the roll of waves—
And said, "Avenge me!" Therefore have I raised
The tomahawk, and strung the bow again,
That I may send the shadow from my couch,
And take the strange sound from the cataract,
And sleep once more.

HERR. A better path, my son,
Unto the still and dewy land of sleep,
My hand in peace can guide thee—e'en the way
Thy dying brother trod. Say, didst thou love
That lost one well?

ENO. Knowest thou not we grew up
Even as twin roses amidst the wilderness?
Unto the chase we journeyed in one path;
We stemmed the lake in one canoe; we lay
Beneath one oak to rest. When fever hung
Upon my burning lips my brother's hand
Was still beneath my head; my brother's robe
Covered my bosom from the chill night air.

Our lives were girdled by one belt of love,
Until he turned him from his father's gods,
And then my soul fell from him—then the grass
Grew in the way between our parted homes,
And wheresoe'er I wandered then it seemed
That all the woods were silent—I went forth—
I journeyed, with my lonely heart, afar,
And so returned—and where was he?—the earth
Owned him no more.

HERR. But thou thyself, since then,
Hast turned thee from the idols of thy tribe,
And, like thy brother, bowed the suppliant knee
To the one God.

ENO. Yes, I have learned to pray
With my white father's words, yet all the more
My heart that shut against my brother's love,
Hath been within me as an arrowy fire,
Burning my sleep away. In the night hush,
'Midst the strange whispers and dim shadowy things
Of the great forests, I have called aloud,
"Brother! forgive, forgive!" He answered not.
His deep voice, rising from the land of souls,
Cries but, "Avenge me!" and I go forth now
To slay his murderer, that when next his eyes
Gleam on me mournfully from that pale shore,
I may look up, and meet their glance, and say,
"I have avenged thee!"

HERR. Oh! that human love
Should be the root of this dread bitterness,
Till heaven through all the fevered being pours
Transmuting balsam! Stay, Enonio, stay!
Thy brother calls thee not! The spirit world
Where the departed go, sends back to earth
No visitants for evil. 'Tis the might

Of the strong passion, the remorseful grief
At work in thine own breast, which lends the voice
Unto the forest and the cataract,
The angry color to the clouds of morn,
The shadow to the moonlight. Stay, my son,
Thy brother is at peace. Beside his couch,
When of the murderer's poisoned shaft he died,
I knelt and prayed; he named his Saviour's name,
Meekly, beseechingly; he spoke of thee
In pity and in love.

ENO. [*hurriedly*]. Did he not say
My arrow should avenge him?

HERR. His last words were all forgiveness.

ENO. What! and shall the man
Who pierced him with the shaft of treachery,
Walk fearless forth in joy?

HERR. Was he not once thy brother's friend?
Oh! trust me, not in joy
He walks the frowning forest. Did keen love,
Too late repentant of its heart estranged,
Wake in thy haunted bosom, with its train
Of sounds and shadows—and shall he escape?
Enonio, dream it not! Our God, the All-just,
Unto Himself reserves this royalty—
The secret chastening of the guilty heart,
The fiery touch, the scourge that purifies—
Leave it with Him! Yet make it not thy hope,
For that strong heart of thine—oh! listen yet—
Must, in its depths, o'ercome the very wish
For death or torture to the guilty one,
Ere it can sleep again.

ENO. My father speaks
Of change for man too mighty.

HERR. I but speak

Of that which hath been, and again must be,
If thou wouldst join thy brother in the life
Of the bright country where, I well believe,
His soul rejoices. He had known such change.
He died in peace. He whom his tribe once named
"The avenging eagle," took to his meek heart,
In its last pangs, the spirit of those words
Which from the Saviour's cross went up to heaven—
"*Forgive them, for they know not what they do,*
Father, forgive!" And o'er the eternal bounds
Of that celestial kingdom, undefiled,
Where evil may not enter, he, I deem,
Hath to his Master passed. He waits thee there—
For love, we trust, springs heavenward from the grave,
Immortal in its holiness. He calls
His brother to the land of golden light
And ever-living fountains. Couldst thou hear
His voice o'er those bright waters, it would say,
"My brother! oh, be pure, be merciful!
That we may meet again."

ENO. [*hesitatingly*]. Can I return
Unto my tribe and unavenged?

HERR. To Him,
To Him return from Whom thine erring steps
Have wandered far and long! Return, my son,
To thy Redeemer! Died He not in love—
The Sinless, the Divine, the Son of God—
Breathing forgiveness 'midst all His agonies,
And we, dare we be ruthless? By His aid
Shalt thou be guided to thy brother's place
'Midst the pure spirits. Oh! retrace thy way
Back to the Saviour! He rejects no heart
E'en with the dark stains on it, if true tears
Be o'er them showered. Aye, weep thou, Indian chief!

For by the kindling moonlight I behold
Thy proud lips' working—weep, relieve thy soul!
Tears will not shame thy manhood, in the hour
Of its great conflict.

ENO. [*giving up his weapons*]. Father, take the bow;
Keep the sharp arrows till the hunters call
Forth to the chase once more. And let me dwell
A little while, my father, by thy side,
That I may hear the blessed words again—
Like water-brooks amidst the summer hills—
From thy true lips flow forth; for in my heart
The music and the memory of their sound
Too long have died away.

HERR. Oh, welcome back,
Friend, rescued one! Yes, thou shalt be my guest,
And we will pray beneath my sycamore
Together, morn and eve; and I will spread
Thy couch beside my fire, and sleep at last,
After the visiting of holy thoughts,
With dewy wing shall sink upon thine eyes!
Enter my home, and welcome, welcome back
To peace, to God, thou lost and found again!
[*They enter cabin together.* HERRMANN *lingers to look up to the skies.*]
Father! that from amidst yon glorious worlds
Now look'st on us, Thy children! make this hour
Blessed for ever! May it see the birth
Of Thine own image in the unfathomed deep
Of an immortal soul—a thing to name
With reverential thought, a solemn world!
To Thee more precious than those thousand stars
Burning on high in Thy majestic heaven!

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

JEAN F. C. DELAVIGNE.

ON the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
"Back to Spain!" cry his men: "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt."
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades; three days shall decide."
He sails—but no token of land is in sight;
He sails—but the day shows no more than the night.
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder which creaks 'mid the billowy roar:

He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.
The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes;
But at length, the slow dawn softly streaking the night
Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.
"Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er."
"Day! and what dost thou see?" "Sky and ocean. No more!"

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.
"Shall he perish?" "Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry;
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking sea,
He traced for the future, his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
One day later—Columbus, the first among men!

But, hush! he is dreaming! A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now, on his dreaming eye, rapturous sight!
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night.
O vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles;
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles.
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes; a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.

The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives, and ravish the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful cazique 'mid their ashes expire.
He sees, too—O saddest! O mournfullest sight!—
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the uplifted cross in the red hand of zeal!

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A people appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest; they ransack the seas;
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The people, with grateful acclaim
Look to Washington's guidance from Washington's fame.
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.
O type of true manhood! What sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the hero, a sage,
In freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from heaven, the sceptre from kings!

At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks.
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!" he awakes—
He runs—yes! behold it! It blesseth his sight;
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!

O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the future? and Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne;
His king will repay all the ills he has known.
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how is he rewarded? With chains!

KISSING THE ROD.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

O HEART of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known
When our tears fell with the shower
All alone—
Were not shine and shadow blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,

Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

STATION DESPAIR.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WE must trust the conductor, most surely
Why, millions of millions before
Have made this same journey securely
And come to that ultimate shore.
And we, we will reach it in season;
And ah, what a welcome is there!
Reflect, then, how out of all reason
To stop at the Station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion
Of little black water have we
As we journey from ocean to ocean—
From sea unto ultimate sea—
To that deep sea of seas and all silence
Of passion, concern and of care—
That vast sea of Eden-set islands,
Don't stop at the Station Despair!

Go forward, whatever may follow.
Go forward, friend led, or alone;
Ah, me! to leap off in some hollow
Or fen, in the night and unknown—
Leap off like a thief; try to hide you
From angels, all waiting you there!
Go forward! whatever betide you,
Don't stop at that Station Despair!

SHE WAS "SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

MARY D. BRINE.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for amid a throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group.
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

RELIGIO ACADEMICI.

WHAT? You have nowhere found Him? And I, I see
Him around me
Everywhere; here first, throned in the spirit of man.
Not in the rushing of worlds, or the timeless passage of ages;
Not in the sunbuilt arch; not in the cataract's roar;
Not in the mightiest wing that soars o'er the summit of Andes;
Not in the tiniest life born in a drop of the sea!
But in the human spirit! O man, imperial master,
Swifter than light thought-borne through the great ocean on
high,
Tracking a sunbeam here, and there with balance gigantic
Holding a star in thy hand, puny but weighing a world:
"Know thyself," yet greater than all thy vision beholdeth;
Wonderful all, yet thou wonderful even beyond!
Hark! 'Tis His voice; thou hearest Him. A God is speak-
ing within thee;
Terrible now it commands; Sinai thunders within:
"This thou shalt, thou shalt not." Anon, as after the thunder
Follows a gentle rain, soft with the piping of birds,

So in the calm still bosom is heard the cry of a Father.
Tenderly now it approves: "Son, be thou ever with me!"
Beautiful! Here is beauty, above the hue of the rainbow;
Majesty stern, but sweet; father and mother in one.
Rainbow-promise is good; but beacon-warning is better,
Over the lurid waves lighting the mariner home.

. . . . . .

And thou hast loved her, Beauty? Thou dost well. 'Tis a maiden
Fairer than words: her smile drawn from the bosom of love.
Guard her, and let no touch of the beast or satyr assail her!
Honor her; hear from her lips, ponder her story divine;
Who, when the morning stars in the bridal joy of creation
Shouted her birth, came forth loveliest daughter of God;
Came and to cheer men's souls, with the brake and briar contending,
Gave to the thistle a bloom, budded a rose on the thorn;
Flowers in her track sprang up as she passed, and winds of the woodland
Sighed into melody: man heard, and his spirit grew mild.
Fair is she—fairer than all. But shall her beauty ensnare thee
Slave to her smile, love-bound, yearning for nothing beyond?
Dreamer, content with a dream, and the sunlit wall of a dungeon
Deeming a palace? A cell seeming a kingdom to thee?
Nay, but, O man, look upward! Her hand shall lift thee, and lead thee
Up to the home of her birth, back to her Father and thine;
Up through the burnished clouds, and the flaming track of the sunset;
Up through the golden stars, gleam of a glory beyond;
World flashing light to world as they pass, like ships in the darkness
Showing a light, then soon dash into darkness again;

Up through the endless spaces, expansion after expansion;
Up to the great white throne; up to the presence of God!
There shall she fold her wing, and, all her mission accomplished,
Join with the spirits on high, singing to ravish the spheres:
'Glory to God in the highest." The lifelong struggle is over;
Over, the fire and the fret; over, the rack and the pain;
Failure of hope; love's discord! The joy that ended in madness,
Over at last! Life closed, like its beginning, in tears!
Mystery all, for God was the cause. But love in the distance,
Holding an amaranth crown, love was the goal of it all.

CHICKENS.

"I DIDN'T," says Chip. "You did," says Peep.
"How do you know? You were fast asleep."
"I was under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound—
A little tip and a little tap."
"Fiddle dee-dee! You'd had a nap,
And when you were only half awake
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What's an icicle?" "I don't know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow—
Something that isn't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal!"
"Well, swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
And think you didn't come out of an egg.

I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make.
And mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
And pushed us farther out of the nest
Just to make room enough for you;
And there's your shell—I say it's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then
And there it lay, by the old gray hen,
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper and smart and spry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye.
"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
"That is a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly! don't you see
That shell isn't nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare
I never, never, never could get in there!"
"You did," says Peep. "I didn't," says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced and struck and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked and called in vain;
At it they went with might and main,
Till at last the old hen used her beak,
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
Staggered off on either side
With a very funny skip and stride.
"What dreadful nonsense," said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again.

"You're bad as the two legs that don't have wings,
Nor feathers, nor combs—the wretched things.
That's the way they fight and talk
For what isn't worth a mullein stalk.
What does it matter, I'd like to know,
Where you came from or where you go?
Keep your temper and earn your food;
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
I won't have quarrels; I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"

MY KATE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke;

When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise. I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—
My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all.
If you praised her as charming, some asked what yo
meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!
She has made the grass greener even here with her grave—
My Kate.

My dear one! when thou wast alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best;
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweetheart—
My Kate?

THE BOOTBLACK.

HERE y' are! Black your boots, boss? Do it for just five cents.
Shine 'em up in a minute—that is, if nuthin' prevents.
Set your foot right down there, sir; the mornin's kinder cold,
Sorter rough on a feller when his coat's gettin' old.
Well, yes, call it a coat, though it ain't much more'n a tear;
Can't git myself another—hain't got the stamps to spare.
Well, yes, make's much's most on 'em, that's so; but then, you see,
They've only one to care for; there's two of us, Jack and me.

Him? Why, that little feller with a double-up sorter back,
Settin' there on the gratin' a-sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.
He used to be 'round sellin' papers—the cars there was his lay;
But he got shoved down the stairs onto the pavement last May.
Yes, sir! his father did it, when he'd been drinkin' one day;
He didn't care if he killed him—'twas all owin' to liquor, they say.
He's never been all right since, sir, sorter quiet and queer;
Him and me go tergether, he's what they call cashier.

High old style for a bootblack! made all the fellows laugh;
Jack and me had to take it, but we didn't need no chaff.
Trouble? I guess not much, sir; sometimes when biz gits slack
I don't know how I'd stand it if 'twasn't for little Jack.
Why, boss! you ought ter hear him; he says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir, if some day we git up there.
There! all done now! How's that? shine like a pair of lamps!
Mornin'; give it to Jack, sir; he takes care o' the stamps.

OLD BEN'S TRUST.

DO you think I'm afraid of dyin' becos I would ruther live,
And hang on to my mis'able chances and what they ar
likely to give
In the way of good eatin' and drinkin', with the 'peps
a-houndin' me so,
And havin' to den up in winter like a bear, with the earlies
snow?
No, sir! I tell you that dyin' is leavin' the things that w
know,
And floatin' out into strange waters, all dark, above and below
I keer nothin' for New Jerusalum; I know 'twouldn't seem lik
hum,
'Cos where they have things so splendid they don't expec
poor folks to come.

But oh! if the singin' in heaven was the hum of the wind i
the pines,
Or the noise of the brook and the river where the brook an
the river jines;
If the birds was to sing hallelujar, as they do in the bushes a
day,
And the little brown chippies should chatter, and the locus'
chirrup away;
If them streets was kivered with mosses, and shaded with tre
overhead,
With leaves droppin' down in a shower, painted purple, an
yellow, and red;
If over that wonderful river I could go all alone to float
In and out among the lilies with only just Maje in my boat;

f I could hear Maje before me a-barkin' along the trail
should know there was somethin' to foller that wouldn't be likely to fail,
\nd I'd lay down my head contented to let the moss over me grow
\s it does on the trees in the forest, and say I was willin' to go.
f the Lord has allers been with me, and held me fast by the hand
Vhen the fog kivered up the valleys and I'd lost the lay of the land,
\nd 'twas safe to trust Him so fur I'll trust Him the very last mile;
He knows where to look when He wants me without hailin' Him all of the while.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I KNOW that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child,
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors!

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day,
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

GIRT round with rugged mountains the fair Lake Constance
lies;
In her blue heart reflected, shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror, upon a sleeping town.
For Bregenz, that quaint city upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance a thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers, upon their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadows for ages on the deep;
Mountain and lake and valley a sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night, three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred a Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys, and toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted so silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her the memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters, nor asked for rest or change:
Her friends seemed no more new ones, their speech seemed no
more strange;
And when she led her cattle to pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder on which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz, with longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded in a deep mist of years;

She heeded not the rumors of Austrian war or strife;
Each day she rose contented, to the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children would clustering round her
stand,
She sang them ancient ballads of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening she knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt. The valley more peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents of some great deed seemed
near.
The golden corn was bending upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields, paced up and down in
talk.

The men seemed stern and altered, with looks cast on the
ground;
With anxious faces, one by one, the women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning, or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid to go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow with strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing, the men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching a strange uncertain gleam
That looked like lances 'mid the trees that stood below the
stream.

At eve they all assembled, all care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accursèd land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!

The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part);
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Before her, stood fair Bregenz, once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her? Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk, the days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her (though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz, and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
He loosed the strong white charger, that fed from out her hand,
He mounted and she turned his head toward her native land.

But—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
She looks up; clouds are heavy: Why is her steed so slow—
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!" Eleven the church-bells chime;
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz, and bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing, or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight the rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror, she leans above his neck

To watch the flowing darkness, the bank is high and steep,
One pause—he staggers forward, and plunges in the deep!

She strives to pierce the blackness and looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters that dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly, he struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance, shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her, and now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz, that tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier to meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army that marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor the noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished, and yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises, to do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving, the charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz, by gateway, street, and
tower,
The warder paces all night long, and calls each passing hour:
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud, and then (O crown
of fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies he calls the maiden's name

A SECOND TRIAL.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

T was Commencement at one of our colleges. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. inding the choice seats in the centre of the audience-room al- ady taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the ft for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found he.

A little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into y face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly own rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes rning to the roselike face, and each time the gray eyes oved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ady to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, e returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said, "Thank u!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now com- g into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little rl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school- ys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've ought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned flow- s, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," hought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his tle sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nose- y.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not —they are dark blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good-looking brother."

"He is beautiful, and he's so good, and he studies so hard! He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the program. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"His oration is a real good one, and he says it beautifully! He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and elfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

As the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Now it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which

pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speakers' stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face. He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, brave child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect. But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put

my arm around her, but she was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's. When he saw her by his side the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young men got closer together to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment the president stared at her through his spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— would now deliver his oration, "Historical Parallels."

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

When the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be remembered forever.

DUTY.

JOHANN C. F. VON SCHILLER.

"WHAT shall I do to be forever known?"
Thy duty ever.
"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."
Oh, never, never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I DON'D vas breaching voman's righdts, or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples shust gondented mit dheir lot;
But I vants to gondradict dot shap dot made dis leedle shoke:
"A voman vas der glinging vine, und man der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue; budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone, und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's vhen der voman shteps righdt in, und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs, mit glothes oudt on der lines;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts, und vhich der gling-ing vines?

Ven sickness in der householdt gomes, und veeks und veeks hes shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitout resdt, dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings, und gools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der dender vine dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here pelow," der boet von dime said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant, I dink id means, inshted;
Und vhen der years keep rolling on, dheir gares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak, und also do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more, und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance to helb run life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain, in galm or shtormy veddher,
'Tvas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines should alvays gling togeddher.

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

SUSAN WILSON.

[Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in a church of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting by his master. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.]

'TWAS morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and, glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered and, amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
"Whose work is this? speak, tell me! He
Who to his aid such power can call,"
Exclaimed the teacher, eagerly,
"Will yet be master of us all.
Would I had done it! Ferdinand!
Isturitz! Mendez! say, whose hand
Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh,
Each pupil answered, "'Twas not I!"

"How came it, then?" impatiently
Murillo cried; "but we shall see
Ere long into this mystery.
Sebastian!"
At the summons came
A bright-eyed slave,

Who trembled at the stern rebuke
His master gave.
For, ordered in that room to sleep,
And faithful guard o'er all to keep,
Murillo bade him now declare
What rash intruder had been there,
And threatened—if he did not tell
The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.
"Thou answerest not," Murillo said.
(The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
"Speak on!" At last he raised his head
And murmured, "No one has been here."
"'Tis false!" Sebastian bent his knee,
And clasped his hands imploringly,
And said, "I swear it, none but me!"

"List!" said his master. "I would know
Who enters here—there have been found
Before, rough sketches strewn around,
By whose bold hand 'tis yours to show;
See that to-night strict watch you keep,
Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
If on to-morrow morn you fail
To answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you—do you hear?
Hence! to your daily task."

. . . . . .

'Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
From one small lamp a dim, uncertain ray
Within Murillo's study—all were gone
Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,

Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.
'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed boy was there—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen
Not thrice five summers yet,
But genius marked the lofty brow,
O'er which his locks of jet
Profusely curled; his cheek's dark hue
Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through
Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,
To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas! what fate is mine!" he said.
"The lash, if I refuse to tell
Who sketched those figures—if I do,
Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell!"
He breathed a prayer to heaven for aid;
It came—for soon in slumber laid,
He slept, until the dawning day
Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more!" he cried; "and now
Three hours of freedom I may gain
Before my master comes; for then
I shall be but a slave again.
Three blessed hours of freedom! How
Shall I employ them?—ah! e'en now
The figure on that canvas traced
Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light
Gave to the head a softened glow;

Gazing enraptured on the sight,
He cried, "Shall I efface it? No!
That breathing lip! that beaming eye—
Efface them? I would rather die!"

The terror of the humble slave
Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
Of the high feelings nature gave—
Which only gifted spirits know.

He touched the brow, the lip, it seemed
His pencil had some magic power;
The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
Sebastian then forgot the hour!
Forgot his master, and the threat
Of punishment still hanging o'er him;
For, with each touch, new beauties met
And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished; rapturously
He gazed—could aught more beauteous be!
Awhile absorbed, entranced he stood,
Then started—horror chilled his blood!
His master and the pupils all
Were there e'en at his side!
The terror-stricken slave was mute—
Mercy would be denied
E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
They gazed upon that perfect face,
Each with an artist's joy;

At length Murillo silence broke,
And with affected sternness spoke—
"Who is your master, boy?"
"You, Señor," said the trembling slave.
"Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
Before that Virgin's head you drew?"
Again he answered, "Only you."
"I gave you none," Murillo cried.
"But I have heard," the boy replied,
"What you to others said."
"And more than heard," in kinder tone,
The painter said; "'tis plainly shown
That you have profited.

"What [to his pupils] is his meed?
Reward or punishment?"
"Reward, reward!" they warmly cried.
(Sebastian's ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
"What shall it be?" They spoke of gold
And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
Silent and motionless.

"Speak!" said Murillo, kindly; "choose
Your own reward—what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I'll not refuse:
Then speak at once and fearlessly."
"Oh! if I dared!"—Sebastian knelt.
"Courage!" his master said, and each
Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpow'ring dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,

"Sebastian, ask—you have your choice—
Ask for your freedom!" At the word,
The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
"O master, make my father free!"
"Him and thyself, my noble boy!"
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
He pressed him to his side.
"Thy talents rare, and filial love,
E'en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
My pupil and my son."

Murillo knew, e'en when the words
Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian's talents soon must lead
To fame that would his own eclipse;
And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care, such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

"NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE."

"NUMBER twenty-five!"

"Bring on number twenty-five!"

"The court is waiting for number twenty-five!"

There was a little hanging back on the part of the usually prompt official, but in a moment more a tall, fine-looking woman strode defiantly up, and placing herself before the judge, awaited the usual questioning.

There was something so piteously desperate in the prisoner's appearance, and her great, haunting eyes had a look of such anguish in their fierce depths, that the judge, accustomed to all kinds of sad sights and sounds, yet hesitated a moment before asking, with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and where were you born?"

"Me name is Aleen Byrne, yer honor, an' I were born in Aberdeen, off the Scottish coastland."

"And you are charged with striking a man?"

"I am, yer honor, an' I ken weel I stricht the mon."

"And you meant to?"

"I did, indeed, yer honor. I only wish I might a kilt him!"

"That would hardly have been for your good, Aleen."

"He's kilt me, yer honor."

The woman spoke with a low, impassioned wail, which caused respectful silence even in the lower court, where touching tones were often unheeded.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer honor, an' the mon kens it weel!"

"Stabbed you? Suppose you tell us about it."

"I will, an me voice will sarve me. Ye micht no ken what it is, yer honor, to have one bonnie laddie, an' none else ye ca'd yer ain. I left the gude father o' me lad a-sleepin' in the kirkyard when I brought me wee sonnie to this land. They say this be a countrie flowin' wi' milk an' honey, but oh, yer honor, it flows wi' milk an' honey for some, an' for others, I mind me, it flows wi' a very sea o' poison. For mony a year after I reacht these shores I toiled in sun an' shade, but what greeted mesel' for a' the toil so lang as me winsome Robbie were thrivin' an' gettin' a muckle o' learnin' fra' his books! He growed so fine an' tall that soon he were ta'en to a gentleman's store to help wi' the errants an' to mind the counter

betimes. Then the mon McGinnis set his evil eye on the lad. I was forced to pass his den on me way to and fra' the bread store, an' he minded 't was mesel' hated the uncanny look o' the place. An' one morn as I passet by he said I needn't be so gran' aboot me b'y, he were no above ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest, of an e'en. I begged me chilt for the love o' God to let the stoof alane. Me Robbie, knowin' no ill, promised to bide by me will an' wishes, but the mon McGinnis watcht o' nights when 't were cauld an' stormin,' an' he gave the lad mony a cup o' his dretful dhrinks, to warm him, he would say. I got upon my knees to me ain childt an' prayed him to pass the place no more, but to gang hame by some ither road. Then I went mesel' to the mon wi'out a soul in his body, an' p'reps ye ken, yer honor, a mither would beg an' pray for the bone o' her bone an' the flesh o' her flesh. But he laughet in my face, an' I runned from his sicht afore I did him ill. Las' nicht, yer honor, the noise at me door frightened me; I runned wi' all me micht to see what were the trouble, an' me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell at me feet—he were dhrunk, yer honor! Then McGinnis pokes his face in at me door an' asket, 'What think ye now, Mistress Byrne?' Did I mean to strike the mon, yer honor? An' could I, I'd a sthruck the breath fra' his body! Ye'd better keep me wi' lock an' key the nicht till me gloom dies out; but oh, jedge, jedge! there's naught to kill the gnawin' at me heart, an' wisht mesel' an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside the gude father!"

The woman at the bar extended a clinched hand as she adde with bitter vehemence:

"They telled me, an I could prove the mon sold liquor to the bairn under age, the law could stoop him. It's mesel' wud like to see the law stoop one o' the mis'rable rumsellers o' the land! I tell ye, jedge, there's naught but God's grewsome vengeance can stoop his ilk, an' when that falls it'll crush ye all! It's a' weel enough to 'rest the mither as she strikes the

mon as ruins her ain childt, but wait ye till the Lord Almighty strikes—ay—wait ye for that, an ye dare!"

As the threatening voice stilled, the woman was pronounced discharged, and after his reappearance in court, McGinnis was lodged in the county jail on a charge of having wilfully sold or given intoxicating drink to a minor. His comrades declared the evidence on which he was convicted to have been illegally slight and uncertain. But the clerk of the court was heard to remark that he believed from his soul the judge was afraid to disregard that old witch's warning, and dare not wait for the Lord Almighty to strike back with grewsome vengeance at them all. Then the clerk added thoughtfully:

"But she did have a knell of fiery doom, did that number twenty-five!"

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

TWO brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue;
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks;
Half in thought, and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;

She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek
"I am strong and you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear!

May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone,
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side.

SMITING THE ROCK.

THE stern old judge, in relentless mood,
Glanced at the two who before him stood;
She was bowed and haggard and old,
He was young and defiant and bold,—
Mother and son; and to gaze at the pair,
Their different attitudes, look and air,
One would believe, ere the truth were known,
The mother convicted and not the son.

There was the mother; the boy stood nigh
With a shameless look, and his head held high,

Age had come over her, sorrow and care;
These mattered but little so he was there,
A prop to her years and a light to her eyes,
And prized as only a mother can prize;
But what for him could a mother say,
Waiting his doom on a sentence day?

Her husband had died in his shame and sin;
And she, a widow, her living to win,
Had toiled and struggled from morn till night,
Making with want a wearisome fight,
Bent over her work with resolute zeal,
Till she felt her old frame totter and reel,
Her weak limbs tremble, her eyes grow dim;
But she had her boy, and she toiled for him.

And he—he stood in the criminal dock,
With a heart as hard as a flinty rock,
An impudent glance and a reckless air,
Braving the scorn of the gazers there;
Dipped in crime and encompassed round
With proof of his guilt by captors found;
Ready to stand, as he phrased it, "game,"
Holding not crime but penitence, shame.

Poured in a flood o'er the mother's cheek
The moistening prayers where the tongue was weak
And she saw through the mist of those bitter tears
Only the child in his innocent years;
She remembered him pure as a child might be,
The guilt of the present she could not see;
And for mercy her wistful looks made prayer
To the stern old judge in his cushioned chair.

"Woman," the old judge crabbedly said,
"Your boy is the neighborhood's plague and dread.
Of a gang of reprobates chosen chief;
An idler and rioter, ruffian and thief,
The jury did right, for the facts were plain;
Denial is idle, excuses are vain.
The sentence the court imposes is one——"
"Your honor," she cried, "he's my only son."

The constables grinned at the words she spoke,
And a ripple of fun through the court-room broke;
But over the face of the culprit came
An angry look and a shadow of shame.
"Don't laugh at my mother!" loud cried he;
"You've got me fast, and can deal with me;
But she's too good for your coward jeers,
And I'll——" then his utterance choked with tears.

The judge for a moment bent his head,
And looked at him keenly, and then he said:
"We suspend the sentence—the boy can go;"
And the words were tremulous, forced and low,
"But stay!" and he raised his finger then,
"Don't let them bring you hither again.
There is something good in you yet, I know;
I'll give you a chance—make the most of it—go!"

The twain went forth, and the old judge said:
"I meant to have given him a year instead.
And perhaps 'tis a difficult thing to tell
If clemency here be ill or well.
But a rock was struck in that callous heart,
From which a fountain of good may start;
For one on the ocean of crime long tossed,
Who loves his mother is not quite lost."

DOLLY'S PRAYER.

EMMA BURT.

"GOD in heaven, please to hearken to your little Dolly's prayer!
While the preacher says the preachin', please to tell me where you are;

"For I am so tired waitin' till the big words all are said,
And 'amen,' and then the music, till the peoples bow their head.

"If I knew the way to Jesus, I would creep so soft along
That I wouldn't 'sturb the preacher, nor the prayin', nor the song.

"Then I'd run so very swiftly, and I'd give Him a surprise;
Oh, I'm certain I should know Him when He looked into my eyes!

"He would be so glad to see me that His arms He'd open wide,
And I'd quickly climb within them; there forever I would hide.

"God in heaven, please to hearken to your little Dolly's prayer!
While the preacher says the preachin', please to show me where you are!"

Tired ones, with hearts impatient, how we echo Dolly's prayer:
"God in heaven, please to hearken, please to lead us where you are!"

THE DRUNKARD-MAKER.

"YOUR father's a drunkard," said pretty May Bell;
The scorn of her accents no language can tell,
As she wound a gold chain round her fingers so fair,
And shook back the long curls of her beautiful hair.

And Bess, the drunkard's child, bowed her white face,
Feeling deeply, so deeply, the shame and disgrace.
As she wiped the bright tears that were falling like rain,
The haughty girl laughed who had given her pain.

A boy, brave and bright as a boy could be,
Was untangling his kite in a tall maple tree;
He could hear every word, he could see every look—
Poor Bess with her slate and her old tattered book.

An indignant flush dyed his cheek like a rose,
As he viewed proud May Bell in her beautiful clothes.
Down from the wide branch, quick as thought something fell;
"Who made him a drunkard? Will you answer, May Bell?

"Or shall I tell the story? I know it all through;
John Bell made a drunkard of poor William Drew!
He sells him the rum that's destroying his life
And fast making beggars of children and wife!"

As he led Bessie on, down the mulberry lane,
May looked after the two through her tears of shame.
"Oh! can it be true, then, the story he told?
Does my father make drunkards of men for their gold?"

DRIFTING.

T. B. READ.

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled:
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail:
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid,
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows
From lands of sun to lands of snows:
This happier one
Its course has run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

IF ONLY.

IF only in my dreams I once might see
Thy face, though thou should stand
With cold, unreaching hand,
Nor vex thy lips to break
The silence with a word for my love's sake,
Nor turn to mine thine eyes,
Serene with long peace of Paradise,
Yet, henceforth, life would be
More sweet, not wholly bitter, unto me.

If only I might know for verity,
That when the light is done
Of this world's sun,
And that unknown, long-sealed
To sound and sight is suddenly revealed,
That thine should be the first dear voice thereof,
And thy dear face the rest—O love, my love!
Then coming death would be
Sweet, ah, most sweet—not bitter unto me.

THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES.

ELLEN MURRAY.

TRAVELLER. Begone, you, sir! Here, shepherd, call your dog!

SHEPHERD. Be not affrighted, madame, poor Pierrot
Will do no harm I know his voice is gruff,
But, then, his heart is good.

TRAV. Well, call him, then.
I do not like his looks. He's growling now.

SHEP. Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot,
He is as good a Christian as myself
And does not like a stick.
TRAV. Such a fierce look!
And such great teeth!
SHEP. Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth!
Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth
Come here, my Pierrot! Would you like to hear,
Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?
TRAV. Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.
SHEP. Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands
Against the sky?
TRAV. Just where the cliff goes down
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock
To where the river foams along its bed?
I've often wondered who was brave to plant
A cross on such an edge.
SHEP. Myself, madame,
That the good God might know I gave Him thanks.
One night, it was November, dark and thick
The fog came down, when, as I reached my house,
Marie came running out; our little one,
Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost.
I called Pierrot, "Go seek him, find my boy!"
And off he went. Marie ran crying loud
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain;
Whistled and called, and listened for his voice;
He always came or barked at my first word,
But now he answered not. When day at last
Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw
On that high ledge against the dawning light
My little one asleep, sitting so near

That edge that, as I looked, his red *barette*
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth,
His good, strong teeth, clinched in the jacket brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds
Swift as the gray wolf's own I climbed the steep,
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said, "Forgive, I could not speak,"
But never loosed his hold, till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.—Ah, ha! Pierrot,
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth;
I knew she would.

TRAV. Come here, Pierrot, good dog!
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true,
Come, come, be friends with me!

THE MESSAGE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

I HAD a message to send her, to her whom my soul loves best,
But I had my task to finish, and she had gone to rest;
To rest in the far, bright heaven—oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling, for I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her, so tender, and true, and sweet,
I longed for an angel to bear it, and lay it down at her feet.
I placed it, one summer's evening, on a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor, and died in the crimson west.

gave it the lark next morning, and I watched it soar and
soar;
ut its pinions grew faint and weary, and it fluttered to earth
once more.
cried, in my passionate longing: "Has the earth no angel
friend
Vho will carry my love the message my heart desires to send?

'hen I heard a strain of music, so mighty, so pure, so dear,
'hat my very sorrow was silent, and my heart stood still to
hear.
t rose in harmonious rushing of mingled voices and strings,
nd I tenderly laid my message on music's outspread wings.

nd I heard it float farther and farther, in sound more perfect
than speech,
'arther than sight can follow, farther than soul can reach.
nd I know that at last my message has passed through the
golden gate;
o my heart is no longer restless, and I am content to wait.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

FANNIE WINDSOR.

MY good man is a clever man, which no one will gainsay;
He lies awake to plot and plan 'gainst lions in the way.
Vhile I, without a thought of ill, sleep sound enough for three;
'or I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.

holiday we never fix but he is sure 'twill rain;
nd when the sky is clear at six he knows it won't remain.
Ie is always prophesying ill to which I won't agree,
'or I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.

The wheat will never show a top—but soon how green the
field!
We will not harvest half a crop—yet have a famous yield!
It will not sell, it never will! but I will wait and see;
For I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.

We have a good share of worldly gear, and fortune seems
secure,
Yet my good man is full of fear—misfortune's coming sure!
He points me out the almshouse hill, but cannot make me see;
For I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me.

He has a sort of second sight, and when the fit is strong,
He sees beyond the good and right the evil and the wrong.
Heaven's cup of joy he'll surely spill unless I with him be,
For I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me!

SELF-CULTURE.

MAKE the best of yourself. Watch and plant and sow
Cultivate! Cultivate! Falter not, faint not! Press
onward! Persevere! Perhaps you cannot bear such lordl
fruit, nor yet such rare, rich flowers as others; but what c
that? Bear the best you can. 'Tis all God asks.

Your flowers may only be the daisies and buttercups of lif
—the little words and smiles and handshakes and helpfu
looks; but we love these flowers full well. We may stop t
look at a tulip's gorgeous colors, and admire the creamy white
ness of a noble lily; but it is to the little flowers we turn wit
tenderest thought. We watch for snowdrops with longin
eyes, and scent the fragrance of the violet with a keen delight
So let your life grow sweet-scented with all pleasant though
and gentle words and kindly deeds.

HERE OR THERE.

HENRY BURTON.

MAY God be near thee, friend,
When we are far away;
May His smile cheer thee, friend,
And make all light as day:
Look up! the sky, the stars above
Will whisper to thee of His changeless love.

In distant, desert places
The "Mounts of God" are found;
His sky the world embraces,
And makes it "holy ground."
The heart that serves, and loves, and clings,
Hears everywhere the rush of angel wings.

To God the "there" is here;
All spaces are His own;
The distant and the near
Are shadows of His throne.
All times are His, the new, the old—
What boots it where life's little tale is told?

'Tis not for us to choose;
We listen and obey:
'Tis His to call and use;
'Tis ours to serve and pray.
It matters little, here or there,
God's world is wide, and heaven is everywhere.

We cannot go so far
That home is out of sight;
The morn, the evening star,
Will say, "Good-day!" "Good-night!"
The heart that loves will never be alone;
All earth, all heaven, it reckons as its own!

THEN AG'IN—.

S. W. FOSS.

JIM BOWKER, he said, ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit of assistance in hoein' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' climb the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'in—.

But he had tarnal luck; everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrears of fortune they allus 'ud pin him;
So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb.
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'in—.

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been
Then ag'in—.

REGRETS OF DRUNKENNESS.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[CASSIO, having been artfully plied with liquor by IAGO till he was drunk, engaged in a brawl, after which he was dismissed by his general, OTHELLO, with the words: "CASSIO, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine." IAGO, wishing to make OTHELLO jealous of CASSIO, here persuades him to appeal to DESDEMONA, OTHELLO'S wife, to intercede for him.]

IAGO. What! be you hurt, Lieutenant?

CASSIO. Past all surgery!

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CAS. Reputation! reputation! reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the General again. You

are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; sue to him again, and he's yours.

CAS. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk, and speak parrot, and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hadst no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CAS. I know not.

IAGO. Is it possible?

CAS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why, but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

CAS. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come, you are too severe a moraler! As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CAS. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO. Come, come! good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it; and, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you?

CAS. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

IAGO. You, or any man living, may be drunk some time, man! I'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's wife is now the General—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this break of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CAS. You advise me well.

IAGO. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CAS. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

IAGO. You are in the right. Good-night, Lieutenant! I must to watch.

CAS. Good-night, honest Iago!

DUTY.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

SPEAK the word God bids thee! No other word can reach
The chords that wait in silence the coming of thy speech.

Do the work God bids thee! One—only one still loom
Awaits thy touch and tending in all this lower room.

Sing the song God bids thee! The heart of earth's great throng
Needs for its perfect solace the music of thy song.

IF THERE BE GLORY.

MAXWELL GREY.

IF there be glory in the sun,
If splendor on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
Great God, it is of Thee.

Thy splendor broods on icy peaks
The torrent's thunder fills;
It is Thy majesty that speaks
Among the lonely hills.

The sweetest spring-flower ever blushed
On brightest morn of May,
The richest bird-song ever gushed
At rosiest shut of day;

The maiden moon that strayeth lone
And pensive through the sky,
Unloosing from her silver zone
Her largesse silently;

The solemn majesty of night,
Its stillness and its stars,
The glory when, in growing light,
The crimson day unbars—

All could not charm, except some thought
From Thee within them stirred;
They touch man's soul, for Thou hast wrought
Their beauty by Thy word.

If there be glory in the sun,
  If splendor on the sea,
Sweet music in all rills that run,
  Great God, it is of Thee.

God thought: worlds rolled in sudden space;
  He spake, and life was there;
The universe in His embrace
  Reposes and is fair.

LIFE.

ANNIE THOMAS.

NOT by the years we live,
  But by the good we do to those around,
Should life computed be.
Not by the wealth attained
Should we possession count, but by that given
To aid humanity—
The weaker portion—brothers all—
Oft tempted and oft yielding through
Their kindly hearts to wrong.
These to lead back once more
With firm but gentle hand—by loving word
And voice—taught to be strong.
To clear the way they tread
Of sin, temptation, and to aid them to
The higher life attain—
No nobler mission nor
More honored work hath man in life than this,
And no more worthy aim.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"A HERO's bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call, 'My love lies bleeding?' "
This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.
O'Connor's child, I was the bud
Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It rises o'er and o'er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When, chafing Connocht Moran's scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And bade him choose a meaner bride
Than from O'Connor's house of pride.

Glory (they said) and power and honor
Were in the mansion of O'Connor;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the Pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me,
That barons by your standard rode;
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon a hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome
From Shannon to the North Sea foam—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No. Let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun,
That could not, would not, be undone!

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love: "Oh, come with me!
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
Come far from Castle Connor's clans;
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.

Then come, my love!" How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more,
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair,
When I was doomed to rend my hair!
The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

When all was hushed at eventide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
"Be hushed!" my Connocht Moran cried,
"'Tis but the screaming of the eagle."
Alas! 'twas not the eyry's sound:
Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
"Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!"
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms·

Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah. me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—O God! O God!—
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchered,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.

But heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire;
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess' fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round.
Clad in the helm and shield they came;
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.
The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay;

That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

"And go!" (I cried) "the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappallèd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go! and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled."
O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

They would have crossed themselves all mute;
They would have prayed to burst the spell;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell!
"And go to Athunree!" (I cried)
"High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrolls
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;

The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward, when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The visor from your dying face!"

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealèd in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumèd partisans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom.
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mold.

No! for I am a hero's child;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish for my warrior's sake—
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

BE STILL.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

"BE still, and know that I am God;"
The way is dark and wild
Through which thou goest, my child;
I cannot promise thee a stormless path,
For lightning's scath
And thunder's roar the pilgrim's journey hath.

"Be still, and know that I am God;"
The elements are mine;
It is a hand divine
That guides the whirlwind in its awful course;
The mystic force
Of hail and tempest finds in me its source.

"Be still, and know that I am God;"
In danger's hour be calm;
This is thy secret balm,
To know that thou art safe when I command;
Then only stand
And see deliverance by my mighty hand.

"Be still, and know that I am God;"
Ask not the reason why
I weave such mystery
Through all the warp of thy frail life below;
For thou shalt know,
And read the plan in heaven's serener glow.

"Be still, and know that I am God;"
Through storms and fears be still;
Only thy part fulfil,
And as thou walkest I will shelter thee;
Thy foes shall flee,
And thou shalt journey all the way with me.

"Be still, and know that I am God;"
'Twill be enough at last,
When all thy warfare's past,
Star-crowned thy head and in thy hand a palm,
To sing thy psalm
Where storms of earth end in eternal calm.

GOLDEN-ROD.

IN olden days the sunlight stept down to the earth below,
Across the fields and hedges crept all noiselessly and slow:
And where it passed the shadows fled swift speeding far away,
As from the gateway overhead came down the light of day.

But as along a lane it passed, it weary was and slept,
And slumber's fetters held it fast while night her vigil kept;
And when the morning's couriers came in velvet buskins shod,
Where last was seen the sunlight's flame were shafts of golden-rod.

ONE OF MANY.

ALICE CARY.

BECAUSE I have not done the things I know
I ought to do, my very soul is sad;
And, furthermore, because that I have had
Delights that should have made to overflow
My cup of gladness, and have not been glad.

All in the midst of plenty, poor I live;
My house, my friend, with heavy heart I see
As if that mine they were not meant to be;
For of the sweetness of the things I have
A churlish conscience dispossesses me.

I do desire, nay, long, to put my powers
To better service than I yet have done—
Not hither, thither, without purpose run,
And gather just a handful of the flowers
And catch a little sunlight of the sun;

Lamenting all the night and all the day
Occasion lost, and losing in lament
The golden chances that I know were meant
For wiser uses—asking overpay
When nothing has been earned, and all was lent;

Keeping in dim and desolated ways
And where the wild winds whistle loud and shrill
Through leafless bushes, and the birds are still,
And where the lights are lights of other days—
A sad insanity overmastering will.

And saddest of the sadness is to know
It is not fortune's fault, but only mine,
That far away the hills of roses shine,
And far away the pipes of pleasure blow,
That we, and not our stars, our fates assign.

HERVÉ RIEL.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small, twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place, "Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they;
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full besides (now 'tis slackest ebb of tide)
Reach the mooring? Rather say, while rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight; brief and bitter the debate:
'Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound? Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
"Not a minute more to wait! let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet with his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day, have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer, get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève, and there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave—keel so much as grate the ground—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait. "Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place! he is admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace! see the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound, clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock, how they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past, all are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave on the heights o'erlooking Grève:
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance, let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance, as they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
Outburst all with one accord, "This is paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel,"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise in the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend, I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips; you have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will, France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke on the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say, since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got—nothing more.

ame and deed alike are lost, not a pillar nor a post
h his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black on a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
ll that France saved from the fight whence England bore the
bell.
o to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
n the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
o, for better and for worse, Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
n my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
ave the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle
Aurore!

TWO TOWNS.

BROTHER! you with growl and frown,
Why don't you move from Grumbletown,
Where everything is tumbled down
And life is always dreary?
Move over into Gladville, where
Your face will don a happy air
And lay aside the look of care
For smiles all bright and cheery.

In Grumbletown there's not a joy
But has a shadow of alloy
That will its happiness destroy
And make you to regret it.

In Gladville they have not a care
But what it looks inviting there;
And has about it something fair
That makes them pleased to get it.

'Tis strange how different these towns
Of ours are! Good cheer abounds
In one, and grewsome growls and frowns
Are always in the other
If you your skies of ashen gray
Would change for sunny smiles of May,
From Grumbletown oh haste away;
Move into Gladville brother!

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

PHŒBE CARY

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."
And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;

And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight.
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night.
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day,
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.
And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes,
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their home come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."
But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he;

And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea,
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes,
But our sluices keep you safe."
But hark! through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound,
And the child's face pales with terror,
And the blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes,
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! he has seen the danger
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh,
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him
Save the echo of his call.
So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea,
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company,
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead.
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.
The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yesterday eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door.

Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!
"He is dead," she cries, "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

LUTHER R. MARSH.

I WOULD not backward roll the tide of time,
Though freighted, rich, with golden memories,
With large experience, and with hosts of friends.
The past *is* past, and cannot come again,
Sweet as it was, and laden with all joys—
Each day a pleasure and each morn a hope,—
Yet it is fruitless to recount those scenes.
The wise men of the past, each in his way,
Gave out the wisdom fitted for his time.
But we have sailed away, far out of sight
Of all their maxims and their sage conundrums.
The Rising Sun we need, to flood his light
Upon our pathway through the vast unknown.
Why pore we o'er the history of time gone,
When *our* work lies in time that is to come?

Buckle we on for the advancing years;
Not ruminate on deeds by others done.
Nor would I summon from their buried crypts
To reappear, as in the olden time,
The forms and features of beloved friends;
But, rather, think of them in heavenly homes,
Girt with new lustre of ethereal guise.
Turn would I, rather, to the time ahead;
For, folded there, are possibilities of fate.
Forward, not backward, will my eye be turned,
Leaving behind the joys of reminiscence,
To glimpse the greater joys of bright anticipation.
The past is dead and has no resurrection:
The future glows with promises of God.
I will not pause to mourn the days ill-spent,
The duty oft undone, the evil done,
But coming time salute, with stern resolve,
To entertain no word, or deed, or thought,
Which angels would not welcome.
Hail, glorious Future, whose unending days
Shall fill the calends of eternity!
And thou, O Past! thy deeds I relegate
Into the Lethe of forgotten years;
Save that Bright Presence from the throne on high,
The way, the truth, the life, the mystery.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be.
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

MY MISSION.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"EVERY spirit has its mission," say the transcendental crew;
"This is mine," they cry; "Eureka! this the purpose I pursue;
For behold a god hath called me and his service I shall do;

"Brother, seek thy calling likewise; thou wert destined for the same;
Sloth is sin, and toil is worship, and the soul demands an aim:
Who neglects the ordination, he shall not escape the flame."

O my ears are dinned and wearied with the clatter of the schools;
Life to them is geometric, and they act by line and rule—
If there be no other wisdom, better far to be a fool!

Better far the honest nature, in its narrow path content,
Taking with a child's acceptance whatsoever may be sent,
Than the introverted vision, seeing self preëminent,

For the spirit's proper freedom by itself may be destroyed,
Wasting, like the young Narcissus, o'er its image in the void;
Even virtue is not virtue when too consciously enjoyed.

I am sick of canting prophets, self-elected kings that reign
Over herds of silly subjects, of their new allegiance vain;
Preaching labor, preaching duty, preaching love with lips profane.

With the holiest things they tamper, and the noblest they
degrade,
Making life an institution, making destiny a trade;
But the honest vice is better than the saintship they parade.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized;
But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised.
Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

Take the current of your nature, make it stagnant if you will:
Dam it up to drudge forever at the service of your mill;
Mine the rapture and the freedom of the torrent on the hill!

Straighten out your wavy borders; make a tow-path at the
side;
Be the dull canal your channel, where the heavy barges glide,—
Lo! the muddy bed is tranquil, not a rapid breaks the tide!

I shall wander o'er the meadows where the fairest blossoms
call;
Though the ledges seize and fling me headlong from the rocky
wall,
I shall leave a rainbow hanging o'er the ruins of my fall.

I shall lead a glad existence, as I broaden down the vales,
Brimming past the regal cities, whitened with the seaward
sails,—
Feel the mighty pulse of ocean ere I mingle with its gales:

Vex me not with weary questions; seek no moral to deduce;
With the present I am busy, with the future hold a truce.
If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THIS morning is the morning of the day
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the gardener's daughter; I and he
Brothers in art; a friendship so complete,
Portioned in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.
My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad a breast.
He, by some law that holds in love and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summed up and closed in little; Juliet, she,
So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life? But Eustace painted her,
And said to me, she sitting with us then,
"When will *you* paint like this?" and I replied,
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest)
"'Tis not your work, but love's, love unperceived.
A more ideal artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."
And Juliet answered, laughing, "Go and see

The gardener's daughter; trust me, after that,
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece."
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.
Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is love,
And beauty such a mistress of the world.
And now,
As though 'twere yesterday, as though it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these)
Rings in mine ears.

And Eustace turned and, smiling, said to me:
"Hear how the bushes echo! By my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?"
And I made answer: "Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise."

Lightly he laughed, as one that read my thought,
And on we went; but ere an hour had passed,
We reached a meadow slanting to the north;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a private hedge;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Through crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we entered in the cool.

he garden stretches southward. In the midst
cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade
he garden-glasses shone, and momently
he twinkling laurel scattered silver lights.
"Eustace," I said, "this wonder keeps the house"
e nodded, but a moment afterward
e cried, "Look! look!" Before he ceased I turned,
nd, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.
For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
hat, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
nd blown across the walk One arm aloft—
owned in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
olding the bush, to fix it back, she stood
single stream of all her soft brown hair
oured on one side: the shadow of the flowers
ole all the golden gloss, and, wavering,
ovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
h, happy shade!—and still went wavering down;
ut, ere it touched a foot that might have danced
he greensward into greener circles, dipt,
nd mixed with shadows of the common ground!
ut the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunned
er violet eyes and all her Hebe-bloom,
nd doubled his own warmth against her lips,
nd on the bounteous wave of such a breast
s never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
ne stood, a sight to make an old man young.
o rapt, we neared the house; but she, a Rose
roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
or heard us come, nor from her tendance turned
nto the world without; till close at hand,
nd almost ere I knew mine own intent,
his murmur broke the stillness of that air
hich brooded round about her:

"Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one by those fair fingers culled,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine!"
She looked; but all
Suffused with blushes—neither self-possessed
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,
And dropped the branch she held, and, turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirred her lips
For some sweet answer, though no answer came;
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-like,
In act to render thanks. I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, although I lingered there
Till every daisy slept, and love's white star
Beamed through the thickened cedar in the dusk.
So home we went, and all the livelong way
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.
"Now," said he, "will you climb the top of art.
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titianic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you,—the master, love,
A more ideal artist he than all."
So home I went but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarmed in the golden present, such a voice
Called to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimmed the dark.
And all that night I heard the watchmen peal
The sliding season: all that night I heard

he heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
he drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
istilling odors on me as they went
o greet their fairer sisters of the East.
Love at first sight, first-born and heir to all
lade this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm
ould keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.
ight pretexts drew me; sometimes a Dutch love
or tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,
o grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream
erved in the weeping elm; and more and more
word could bring the color to my cheek;
thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;
ove trebled life within me, and with each
he year increased.
The daughters of the year,
ne after one, through that still garden passed.
ach garlanded with her peculiar flower
anced into light, and died into the shade;
nd each in passing touched with some new grace
r seemed to touch her, so that day by day,
ike one that never can be wholly known,
er beauty grew; till autumn brought an hour
or Eustace, when I heard his deep "I will,"
reathed, like the covenant of a god, to hold
rom thence through all the worlds. But I rose up
ull of his bliss, and following her dark eyes,
elt earth as air beneath me, till I reached
he wicket-gate, and found her standing there.
There sat we down upon a garden mound
wo mutually enfolded; love, the third,
etween us, in the circle of his arms
nwound us both; and over many a range

Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the West,
Revealed their shining windows. From them clashed
The bells; we listened; with the time we played;
We spoke of other things; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dove-cot, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.
Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Requiring, though I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved.
And in that time and place she answered me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice
Made me most happy, faltering "I am thine."

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent
On that veiled picture—veiled, for what it holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul,
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes; the time
Is come to raise the veil.
Behold her there
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth;
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessèd memory of mine age.

LINES WRITTEN ON MY 87TH BIRTHDAY.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

WHAT is it *now* to live? It is to breathe
The air of heaven, behold the pleasant earth,
The shining rivers, the inconstant sea,
Sublimity of mountains, wealth of clouds,
And radiance o'er all of countless stars.
It is to sit before the cheerful hearth
With groups of friends and kindred, store of books,
Rich heritage from ages past,
Hold sweet communion, soul with soul,
On things now past, or present, or to come,
Or muse alone upon my earlier days,
Unbind the scroll whereon is writ
The story of my busy life,
Mistakes too often, but successes more,
And consciousness of duty done.
It is to see with laughing eyes the play
Of children sporting on the lawn,
Or mark the eager strifes of men
And nations, seeking each and all,
Belike advantage to obtain
Above their fellows; such is man!
It is to feel the pulses quicken, as I hear
Of great achievements near or far
Whereon may turn perchance
The fate of generations ages hence.
It is to rest with folded arms betimes,
And so surrounded, so sustained,
Ponder on what may yet befall
In that unknown mysterious realm

Which lies beyond the range of mortal ken.
Where souls immortal do forever dwell,
Think of the loved ones who await me there,
And, without murmuring or inward grief,
With mind unbroken and no fear,
Calmly await the coming of the Lord.

PREMONITION OF IMMORTALITY.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

[Written in illness, during the winter of 1892.]

IN wakeful hours, upon my weary bed,
I watch the planet Jupiter come forth
In lustre from the rim of Eastern skies,
And mount aloft, till lost in morning light.
Gazing enraptured, I wondering ask,
Whence art thou, what thy purpose, and thy use?
Art thou of beings like ourselves the home?
Faith answers, wait until the spirit leaves
Its fleshly garments and unfettered walks
Among the stars, beholding face to face
The Almighty Maker; then thou'lt see and know;
Till then think not that this transcendent orb
Was meant to mock us with a useless light,
And yet conceal what most we long to see.
Rather believe that life will be prolonged,
Until the truth sublime shall stand revealed.
Hope on! Our lives are made of hopes and fears;
This radiance is a star of hope for all.
The mind perceives what mortal eye sees not,
And lives in confidence of things unknown.
For even now, when icy winter halts

As loth to meet the spring, I wait for birds
To sing melodious welcome in the trees,
And buds, with fragrance newly laden, burst
Upon the soft, enchanted waves of air.

THE POOR FISHER FOLK.

VICTOR HUGO.

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. H. W. ALEXANDER.

'TIS night; within the close-shut cabin door
The room is wrapped in shade, save where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest
A few white dishes glimmer; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie,—
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout;
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Janet is sad; her husband is alone,
Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter night.
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid. "Were they but old, they might."

Ah, mother, when they, too, are on the main,
How wilt thou weep, "Would they were young again!"

She takes her lantern. 'Tis his hour at last;
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast;
Ah, no! not yet! No breath of morning wakes.

Sudden her human eyes, that peer and watch
Through the deep shade, a mouldering dwelling find.
No light within; the thin door shakes,—the thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind.
"Ah, me," she saith, "here doth that widow dwell;
I will go in and see if all be well."

She strikes the door; she listens; none replies,
And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,
And with two children—they have scant supplies,—
Good neighbor! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks; 'tis silence still,—
No sound, no answer; suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turned, and open lay before.

She entered, and her lantern lighted all
The house, so still but for the rude waves' din.
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall,
But something terrible is couched within.

Half clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay she,
The once strong mother, now devoid of life;
The cold and livid arm, already stiff,
Hung o'er the soaked straw of her wretched bed.
And all the while

Two little children, in one cradle near,
Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,
Had cast her gown, and wrapped her mantle's fold;
Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they
Should yet be warm while she was lying cold.

But why does Janet pass so fast away?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed?
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before;
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step? Ah, no, the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move?
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careworn brow,
Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher dragging his damp nets
Stands on the threshold with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and eager as a lover
Leaps up, and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover.
"'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?" "Bad
The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I?
O naught! I sewed, I watched, I was afraid;
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky;
But it is over." Shyly then she said:

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail—William and Madeline;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea;
Muttered awhile, and scratched his head; at last,
"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now—ah, well,
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

Why did He take the mother from those scraps,
No bigger than my fist? 'Tis hard to read;
learnèd man might understand perhaps;
So little, they can neither work nor need.

Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened sore
If with the dead alone they waken thus;
hat was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they shall learn to climb my knee at even.
hen He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food will give the God of heaven.

I will work harder; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
ot thus were wont to move those feet of thine."
She drew the curtain, saying, "They are here."

dapted by the Compilers.

EXTRACT FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THEN said the master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low bleating at his feet.
Whom, when they came unto the river-side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday

Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. It was so very small,
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said:
'There is a holy man upon the hill—
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe—
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came,
Trembling, to thee whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gazed
With gentle eyes and touched with patient hand;
Then drew the face-cloth back, saying to me:
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died:
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my lord!"
The master smiled
Exceeding tenderly: "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtami! But didst thou find
The seed?"
"I went, lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut,

Here in the jungle and toward the town,
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola—black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor.
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died—
Husband or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O sister! what is this you ask? The dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is thy seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is thy seed, but our good man is dead;'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting.'
Ah, sir, I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who could not feed
Nor smile—beneath the wild vines by the stream
To seek thy face, and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death."

"My sister! thou hast found," the master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovest slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps with thy woe.
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret. Bury thou thy child!"

TO WALT WHITMAN.

ANNIE THOMAS.

GREAT mind! Sweet soul! least understood,
With homage thee I greet!
Too early hast thou lived, it seems,
So few thy thought can meet.

But unto those to whom 'tis given
To understand—through tears—
A vision of the life beyond
While here below appears.

For over poor and common things,
The homeliest—to sight
Thou throwest with thy deeper thought
A beauty new and bright.

With tender word and loving care
And sympathetic tear,
Thou gatherest to thy gentle breast,
The lonely outcasts here.

From evil thou extractest good—
Good from which blessings grow—
Even dreaded death no longer can
A single terror show.

Only thine own majestic form
A heart so great could hold—
Only the tears in childhood shed,
A soul so pure could mould.

Thou, too, hast suffered—sore and long—
Although thy lips deny;
But in thy sorrow singing still
The songs that will not die.

I thank thee for the lessons given
And for the sight unsealed;
With grateful heart and peaceful soul
I see the truth revealed.

GEMS FROM WALT WHITMAN.

AND I say to mankind: Be not curious about God;
For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God.
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)
I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least;
Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful than myself.
Why should I wish to see God better than this day!
I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four and each moment then;
In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass;
I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
And I leave them where they are; for I know that wheresoe'er I go,
Others will punctually come forever and ever.

* * * * * * *

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placi
and self-contained:
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
Not one is dissatisfied; not one is demented with the mania o
owning things:
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousand
of years ago.

* * * * * * *

O living always—always dying!
O the burials of me, past and present!
O me, while I stride ahead,' material, visible, imperious as ever
O me, what I was for years, now dead I lament not—I ar
content.
O to disengage myself from those corpses of me which I tur
and look at, where I cast them!
To pass on (O living! always living!) and leave the corps
behind.

* * * * * * *

I lie abstracted, and hear beautiful tales of things, and th
reasons of things;
They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen.
I cannot say to any person what I hear—I cannot say it t
myself—it is very wonderful.
It is no small matter, this round and delicious globe, movin
so exactly in its orbit forever and ever, without on
jolt, or the untruth of a single second.
I do not think it was made in six days, nor in ten thousan
years, nor ten billions of years;
Nor planned and built one thing after another, as an architec
plans and builds a house.

* * * * * * *

I do not think seventy years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that seventy millions of years is the time of a man or woman,
Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me or any one else.
Is it wonderful that I should be immortal, as every one is immortal?
I know it is wonderful—but my eyesight is equally wonderful, and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful;
And passed from a babe, in the creeping trance of a couple of summers and winters, to articulate and walk—all this is equally wonderful.
And that my soul embraced you this hour and we affect each other without ever seeing each other, and never perhaps to see each other, is every bit as wonderful.
And that I can think such thoughts as these is just as wonderful:
And that I can remind you, and you think them and know them to be true, is just as wonderful;
And that the moon spins round the earth and on with the earth, is equally as wonderful;
And that they balance themselves with the sun and stars, is equally wonderful.

* * * * * * *

Me wherever my life is lived. O to be self-balanced for contingencies!
O to confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do.
O the orator's joys! To inflate the chest—to roll the thunder of the voice out from the ribs and throat,
To make the people rage, weep, hate, desire, with yourself,
To lead America—to quell America with a great tongue.
O the joy of a manly selfhood!

Personality—to be servile to none—to defer to none—not to any tyrant, known or unknown;
To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic;
To look with calm gaze or with flashing eye:
To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a broad chest;
To confront with your personality all the other personalities of the earth;
O to have my life henceforth my poem of joys!
To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, skip, leap, roll on, float on.
An athlete—full of rich words—full of joys!

* * * * * * *

The soul travels; the body does not travel as much as the soul;
The body has just as great a work as the soul, and parts away at last for the journeys of the soul.
All parts away for the progress of souls;
All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.
Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance
Forever alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;
But I know they are toward the best—toward something great.

THE HAZING OF VALIANT.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

SHE was a small girl, but her sense of the ridiculous was tremendous. All summer long she sat on the sand and was nice to two boys—a sub-freshman and a sophomore. The sub-freshman's name was Valiant; he had a complexion that women envied; he was small and dainty, and smelled sweet. The other, whose name was Buckley, was bigger, and much more self-assertive.

One day the girl decided it would be fun to make them hate each other, and after that the sophomore longed for the fall, and the nights when no freshman is perfectly sure of what may happen to him before morning.

In the good old days you had only casually to drop word to a freshman on the way to recitation to wait for you when evening came, and he would turn up promptly, take his little dose meekly, and go back to bed a better boy for it. But that is changed now.

Twice had Buckley waited near the house where Valiant ate his dinner. He had tried several ways of getting into the house where Valiant lived, but without success. Then for three successive nights he waited in an alley near by. On the third night Valiant came, but with him an upper classman friend. Buckley kept in the shadow, but Valiant called out.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Buckley? How do you do? Aren't you coming in to see me?"

"Not now," growled Buckley. "I'll drop in later. Which is your room?"

Excusing himself from the upper classman, Valiant led Buckley into the alleyway and pointed up, "That room up there, see?" he said politely.

The next night Buckley got his gang together. They decided that

a dip in the canal would be excellent for Valiant's health; if he felt cold after that he could climb a telephone pole for exercise and sing, "Nearer my home to-day—to-day, than I have been before," at the top of it.

It was nearly two o'clock when they carried a ladder into the alley-way.

This was a particularly nervy go. A young professor and his young wife had a suite of rooms in this house. It was moonlight, and a certain owl-eyed proctor was pretty sure to pass not far away, but if they hurried they thought they could send a man up and get away without being caught.

Buckley was to get in the window, which was open, it being a warm night; the others were to hustle away with the ladder and wait for him at a street several blocks distant. There was no doubt but that Valiant would have to come with him.

Buckley climbed up, got one foot over the sill, and was in the room. He leaned out and waved his hand. Silently the ladder disappeared. He turned and started across the room. He heard a small clock ticking, and detected a faint smell of mouchoir powder. He had scarcely had time to think that was just what might have been expected of a man like Valiant, when a soft voice said, "Is that you, dear?"

Then before all the blood in his body had time to freeze, he stepped out of the moonlight into the shadow and whispered, "Shsss!" Instinct made him do this.

Across the silence the soft voice came again, "Oh, I'm not asleep. But why did you stay so long, Guy, dear?"

Buckley heard the squeaking of a bed-spring and as his knees stiffened he spied coming toward him something white with two black streaks hanging half-way down, which, as the thing came into the moonlight, he saw to be long braids of dark hair. It was a tall, slender figure clothed in a white garment. The face was young and beautiful. Buckley closed his eyes. But it came nearer and nearer. He stood up perfectly rigid in the darkness as two soft arms reached up and met about his neck.

Buckley did not budge and the soft voice began, "You have not forgiven me yet?" It began to sob. "You know I did not mean it.

on't you forgive her? Won't you forgive her?" For fully half a inute he tried to think what to do; then he gritted his teeth and t his arms round the Clingy Thing.

"Tell me you do forgive me. Say it with your own lips, Guy dear. eak to me, my husband!"

Buckley didn't. A soft fragrant hand came up along his cheek, ich tingled, and over his eyes, which quivered. Suddenly she raised r head, gave one startled look into his face, and with a shuddering sp, she recoiled.

But Buckley was not letting go. Keeping one arm about her ist he threw the other around her neck in such a way that he could aw it tight if necessary, and said, "For heaven's sake, don't ream—I can explain!"

"Ugh, Oh, let go! Who—let me go, or I'll screa-ch-ch-ch." ckley pressed on the windpipe, feeling like three or four murderers he did so.

"Oh, please, if you scream it'll only make things awfully awkward. got in here by mistake. Oh, please keep quiet."

She tried again to wrench away from his grasp, and Buckley, eling more of a cad than he ever had in his life, said, "Promise e you'll not cry out and I'll let you go."

"Yes, yes, I promise," said the scared voice. She fled across the om. Buckley thought she was making for the door and sprang to p her, but she only snatched up an afghan or something from the fa, and holding it about her, retreated to the dark part of the room, oaning, "Oh dear! oh dear!"

"I don't know who you are," he began in a loud nervous hisper, "but I wish you wouldn't cry. Please be calm. It's all a g mistake. I thought I was coming to my own room—"

"Your own room!"

"I mean my classmate's room,—I mean I thought a freshman omed here. You aren't half so sorry as I am—Oh, yes you are—I ean I'm awfully sorry—" Buckley started for the door.

"Mrs. Brown—Mr. Brown—help! murder!"

"Oh don't."

"I will. Just as soon a I get any breath I mean to wake up the

whole house, and the whole town if I can." Buckley started acro the room.

"Stop!"

"You promised."

"You forc d me to promise."

The bold, bad sophomo e was down on his knees with his hand clasped toward the dark where the voice came from.

"You stay right there in the moonlight."

"Right here?"

"Right there, and if you dare to move I'll scream with all m might."

Buckley shivered and froze stiff.

"How long must I stay here?"

"Until my husb—until daylight."

"Until daylight!"

And then he began to plead—

"I'll be fired—I mean expelled from college—I'll be disgraced f life. I'll—"

"Stop! While it may be true that you did not break into my roo with intent to rob or injure a defenceless woman, yet, by your ow confession, you came to torment a weaker person. You came to ha a freshman. And when my husband—"

"Have mercy, have mercy. If I'm fired from college all m prospects will be blighted; my life will be ruined, and my mothe heart broken."

She gave a little hysterical sob.

"For your poor mother's sake, go!"

Next morning Buckley received a letter.

"Just as a tall woman looks short in a man's make-up, so does short man look tall in a woman's make-up, and you should know th blonds are hard to recognize in brunette wigs.

"Your merciful benefactress,

"H. C. VALIANT."

DE PO' WHITE TRASH.

MINNY MAUD HANFF.

DAH'S a lot ob white boys libin'
In de alley back ob us,
An' when I was out a-playin',
Well, dey sho' did raise a fuss!

Callin' me a li'l' niggah,
What de Lawd done made at night,
N'en I hurried in to Mammy,
An' dey tripped me up, fo' spite!

But when I come in a-cryin',
What yo' reckon Mammy said,
Aftah she got done a-cuddlin'
An' a-pattin,' pattin' o' ma haid?

She jes' whispahed, "Sammy, honey,
You is yo' ol' Mammy's mash!
Don't ye min' dem common chillen,
Dey is only po' white trash!

"Let 'em holler all dey wants to,
Bresh 'em by an' don't you cah,
'Cause you'se mo' high-toned, ma Sammy
Dan de whites' white chile dah!"

S' now, I' clar', I do' min' nuffin,
Pass dem white boys wif a dash;
Rudder be a high-toned darkey
'Sted ob some ol' po' white trash!

BUDD EXPLAINS.

MARION SHORT.

Written Expressly for this Book.

LOOK up street and see her coming,
Trundling out her hoop—
Rolls toward me—I keep on whistling,
Lounging on our stoop.

"Hello, proudy!" She don't answer;
Frosty as can be!
Whiz! I shoot a pebble at her,
Then she looks at me.

Then she talks—I knew I'd make her—
Calls me "rude" and "bad";
I dart out my foot and trip her—
Whew! but ain't she mad!

Starts to run and back I pull her
By her yellow braid;
Says she'll up and tell her brother—
Gee! I ain't afraid.

Like to tease her, make her sass me
When she passes by;
Like to scare her and torment her
Like to make her cry.

Like to snatch her books and keep them.
Call her "teacher's pet";
Hate her so because I love her—
She's my girl, you bet!

THE CYCLOPEEDY.

EUGENE FIELD.

HAVIN' lived next door to the Hobart place f'r goin' on thirty years, I cal'late that I knows jest about ez much about the case ez anybody else now on airth.

It seems that in the spring uv '47 there comes along a book-agent sellin' volyumes 'nd tracks f'r the diffusion uv knowledge, 'nd havin' got the recommend of the minister 'nd uv the selectmen, he done an all-fired big business in our part uv the country. His name was Lemuel Higgins, 'nd he was ez likely a talker ez I ever heerd, barrin' Lawyer Conkey, 'nd everybody allowed that when Conkey wuz turned round he talked so fast that the town pump ud have to be greased every twenty minutes.

One of the first uv our folks that this Lemuel Higgins struck wuz Leander Hobart. Leander had jest marr'd one uv the Peasley girls, 'nd had moved into the old homestead. Deacon Hobart havin' give up the place to him, Leander wuz feelin' his oats jest about this time, 'nd nothin' wuz too good f'r him.

Waal, he bargained with Higgins for a set uv them cyclopeedies, 'nd he signed his name to a long printed paper that showed how he agreed to take a cyclopeedy oncet in so often, which wuz to be ez often ez a new one of the volyumes wuz printed. A cyclopeedy isn't printed all at oncet, because that would make it cost too much; consekently, the man that gets it up has it strung along fur apart so as to hit folks oncet every year or two, and gin'rally about harvest-time. So Leander kind uv liked the idea, and he signed the printed paper 'nd made his affadavit to it afore Jedge Warner.

The fust volyume of the cyclopeedy stood on a shelf in the old seckertary in the settin'-room about four months before they had any use f'r it. One night 'Squire Turner's son come over to visit Leander and Hattie, 'nd they got to talkin' about apples, 'nd the sort uv apples that wuz the best. Leander allowed that the Rhode Island greenin' wuz the best, but Hattie and the Turner boy stuck up f'r the Roxbury

russet, until at last a happy idee struck Leander, and sez he, "We'l leave it to the cyclopeedy, b'gosh! Whichever one the cyclopeedy ses is the best will settle it."

"But you can't find out nothin' 'bout Roxbury russets nor Rhod Island greenin's in *our* cyclopeedy," sez Hattie.

"Why not, I'd like to know?" sez Leander, kind uv indignant-like

"'Cause ours hain't got down to the R yet," sez Hattie. "All ours tells about is things beginnin' with A."

"Well, ain't we talkin' about Apples?" sez Leander. "You aggra vate me terrible, Hattie, by insistin' on knowin' what you don't know nothin' about."

Leander went to the seckertary 'nd took down the cyclopeedy 'nd hunted all through it f'r Apples, but all he could find wuz: "Apple— See Pomology."

"How in thunder kin I see Pomology," sez Leander, "when there ain't no Pomology to see? Gol durn a cyclopeedy, anyhow!"

And he put the volyume back on to the shelf 'nd never sot eyes into it agin.

That's the way the thing run f'r years 'nd years. Leander would've gin up the plaguey bargain, but he couldn't; he had signed a printed paper 'nd had swore to it before a justice of the peace. Higgins would have had the law on him if he had throwed up the trade.

The most aggrevatin' feature uv it all wuz that a new one uv them cussed cyclopeedies wuz allers sure to show up at the wrong time— when Leander wuz hard up or had jest been afflicted some way or other. His barn burned down two nights afore the volyume containin the letter B arrived, and Leander needed all his chink to pay f'r lumber but Higgins sot back on that affadavit and defied the life out uv him.

"Never mind, Leander," sez his wife, soothin'-like; "it's a good book to have in the house, anyhow, now that we've got a baby."

"That's so," sez Leander, "babies does begin with B, don't it?"

You see their fust baby had been born; so, seein' as how it wuz payin' f'r a book that told about babies, Leander didn't begredge that five dollars so very much after all.

"Leander," sez Hattie, one afternoon, "that B cyclopeedy ain't no account. There ain't nothin' in it about babies except 'See Maternity!'"

"Waal, I'll be gosh-durned!" sez Leander.

So the years passed on, one of them cyclopeedies showin' up now nd then allus at a time when Leander found it pesky hard to give up fiver. It warn't no use cussin' Higgins; Higgins jest laffed when eander allowed that the cyclopeedy wuz no good 'nd that he wuz bein' bbbed.

Oncet when Hiram wanted to dreen the home pasture, he went to e cyclopeedy to find out about it, but all he diskivered wuz: "Drain—ee Tile." This wuz in 1859, and the cyclopeedy had only got down G.

The cow wuz sick with lung fever one spell, and Leander laid her vin' to that cussed cyclopeedy, 'cause when he went to readin' 'bout ows it told him to "See Zoology."

But what's the use of harrowin' up one's feelin's talkin' 'nd thinkin' bout these things? Leander got so after a while that the cyclopeedy dn't worry him at all; he grew to look at it ez one of the crosses that uman critters has to bear without complainin' through this vale uv tears. he only thing that bothered him wuz the fear that mebbe he wouldn't ve to see the last volyume—to tell the truth, this kind uv got to be his bbby, an' I've heern him talk 'bout it many a time settin' round the ove at the tavern. His wife, Hattie, passed away with the yaller nders the winter W come, and all thet seemed to reconcile Leander to rvivin' her wuz the prospect uv seein' the last volyume of that cyclo-edy. Lemuel Higgins, the book-agent, had gone to his everlastin' pun-hment; but his son, Hiram, had succeeded to his father's business 'nd ntinued to visit the folks his old man had roped in. By this time eander's children had growed up; all on 'em wuz married, and ther uz numeris grandchildren to amuse the old gentleman. But Leande uzn't to be satisfied with the common things uv airth; he didn't seem take no pleasure in his grandchildren like most men do; his mind uz allers sot on somethin' else—for hours 'nd hours, yes, all day ng, he'd set out on the front stoop lookin' wistfully up the road for at book-agent to come along with a cyclopeedy. He didn't want to e till he'd got all the cyclopeedies his contract called for; he wanted have everything straightened out before he passed away.

When—oh, how well I recollect it!—when Y come along he wuz

so overcome that he fell in a fit uv paralysis, 'nd the old gentlema never got over it. For the next three years he drooped 'nd pined, an seemed like he couldn't hold out much longer. Finally he had t take to his bed he wuz so old 'nd feeble—but he made 'em move th bed up aginst the winder so he could watch for that last volyume the cyclopeedy.

The end came one balmy day in the spring uv '87. His life wu a-ebbin' powerful fast; the minister wuz there 'nd me 'nd most u the family. Lovin' hands smoothed the wrinkled forehead 'nd breshe back the long, scant, white hair, but the eyes of the dyin' man wuz s on that piece uv road down which the cyclopeedy man allus come.

All to oncet a bright 'nd joyful look come into them eyes, 'nd ol Leander riz up in bed 'nd sez, "It's come!"

"What is it, father?" asked his daughter Sarey, sobbin' like.

"Hush," sez the minister solemnly; "he sees the shinin' gates u the Noo Jerusalem."

"No, no," cried the aged man; "it is the cyclopeedy—the lett Z—it's comin'!"

And sure enough, the door opened, and in walked Higgins.

"Here's the Z cyclopeedy, Mr. Hobart," sez he.

Leander clutched it; he hugged it to his pantin' bosom; then steali one pale hand under the pillar he drew out a faded banknote 'nd ga it to Higgins.

"I thank Thee for this boon," sez Leander, rollin' his eyes u devoutly; then he gave a deep sigh.

"Hold on!" cried Higgins, excitedly, "you've made a mistake, isn't the last—"

But Leander didn't hear him—his soul had fled from its mort tenement 'nd hed soared rejoicin' to realms uv everlastin' bliss.

"He is no more," sez the minister.

"Then who are his heirs?" asked that mean critter Higgins.

"We be," sez the family.

"Do you conjointly and severally acknowledge and assume t obligations of deceased to me?" he asked 'em.

"What obligations?" asked Peasely Hobart, stern-like.

"Deceased died owin' me for a cyclopeedy!" sez Higgins.

"That's a lie!" sez Peasley. "We all seen him pay you for the Z!"
"But there's another one to come," sez Higgins.
"Another?" they all asked.
"Yes, the index," sez he.
So there wuz, and I'll be eternally goll-durned if he ain't a-suin' the state in the probate court now f'r the price uv it!

COURTIN' THE WIDDER.

LIBBIE C. BAER.

Written Expressly for this Book.

THE most fun 'at I ever had
Wuz watchin' the widder an' my dad
A courtin'; me an' another lad
Are laughin' about it yit;
A-peekin' behind a tree, like this,
A-watchin' to see if he would miss
Her cheek or git another kiss
Like the one we see him git.

The widder acted more the fool
Than any gal jist out of school,
An' more contrarier than a mule,
An' she would holler, "quit!"
Then look side foolish-wise and say:
"What makes you act so rude to-day?
I have a mind to run away,
I don't like you one bit."

Then dad he said: "Providin' you went
Thar aint no law that could pervent,
Besides I aint a-carin' a cent
About kissin' you any-way."

Then she got mad and wiped a tear,
But when dad called her his "own dear,"
And swiped a kiss behind her ear,
She seemed content to stay.

Dad asked her if she'd marry him,
She said: "Yeou know I love you, Jim,"
And then I whispered low to Tim,
"I think we better git!"
But jist before I left that tree
I heard her say that she would be
A wife to him and a mother to me—
I don't like that one bit!
But
then
you
bet
your
rubber-
boots,
She'll git the worst of it!

"MERCHANT OF VENICE" TOLD IN SCOTCH.

CHARLES READE.

CHARACTERS: CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, a Scotch fishwife.
FLUCKER JOHNSTONE, CHRISTIE'S brother.
JEAN, LIZZIE } fishwives.

A MERRY dance, succeeding a merry song, had ended, and they were in the midst of an interesting story. Christie Johnstone was the narrator. She had found the tale in one of the Viscount's books; it had made a great impression on her.

"Aweel, lasses, here are the three wee kists set. the lads are to

huse; the ane that chuses reicht is to get Porsha, an' the lave to get he bag, and dee baitchelars; Flucker Johnstone, you that's sae clever, re ye for gowd or siller, or leed?"

JEAN. "Gowd for me."

LIZZIE. "The white siller's my taste."

FLUCKER. "Na! there's aye some deevelish trick in thir lassie's tories. I shall lie-to, till the ihter lads are chused; the mair part ill put themsels oot; ane will hit it off reicht may be; then I shall gie im a hidin' an' carry off the lass. You-hoo!"

JEAN. "That's you, Flucker."

CHRISTIE. "And div ye really think we are gawn to let you see ' the world chuse! Na, lad; ye are putten oot o' the room, like witesses!"

FLUC. "Then I'd toss a penny; for gien ye trust to luck, she hiles favors ye; but gien ye commence to reason and argefy, ye're lone!"

CHR. "The suitors had na your wit, my manny, or maybe they had na a penny to toss, sae ane chused the gowd, ane the siller; but hey got an awfu' affront. The gold kist had just a skull intill 't, nd the siller a deed cuddy's head! An' Porsha puttit the pair of owks to the door. Then came Bassanio, the lad fra Veeneece, that Porsha lo'ed in secret. Veenecce, lasses, is a wonderful city; the treets o't are water, and the carriages are boats—that's in Chambers."

FLUC. "Wha are ye makin' a fool o'?"

CHR. "What's wrang?"

FLUC. "Yon's just as big a lee as ever I heerd."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth ere he had reason to regret them; a severe box on the ear was administered by his indignant sister. Nobody pitied him.

CHR. "I'll learn ye t' affront me before a' the company."

JEAN. "Suppose it's a lee, there's nae siller to pay for it, Flucker."

CHR. "Jean, I never telt a lee in a' my days."

JEAN. "There's ane to begin wi' then. Go ahead, Custy."

CHR. "She bade the music play for him, for music brightens thoucht; ony way, he chose the leed kist. Open'st and wasn't there Porsha's pictur, and a posy, that said:

'If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss;
Turn you where your leddy iss,
And greet her wi' a loving—' " [*Pause.*]

"Kess," roared the company. [*Chorus led by* FLUCKER: "Hurraih!

CHR. [*pathetically*]. "Flucker, behave! Aweel, lassies, comes a letter to Bassanio; he reads it, and turns as pale as deeth. Porsha behooved to ken his grief; wha had a better reicht? 'Here's a letter leddy,' says he; 'the paper's the boody of my freend, like, and every word in it a gaping wound.' "

JEAN. "Maircy on us!"

CHR. "Lass, it was fra puir Antonio: ye mind o' him, lasses Hech! the ill-luck o' yon man; no a ship come hame; ane foundered at sea, coming fra Tri-po-lis; the pirates scuttled another, an' ane ran ashore on the Goodwins, near Bright-helm-stane, that's in England itsel', I daur say: sae he could na pay the three thoosand ducats an' Shylock had grippit him, an' sought the pund o' flesh aff the breest o' him, puir boedy. Porsha keepit her man but ae hoor till they were united, an' then sent him wi' a puckle o' her ain siller to Veeneece and Antonio. Think o' that, lassies,—pairted on their wedding-day."

LIZ. "Hech! hech! it's lamentable."

JEAN. "I'm saying, mairriage is quick wark in some pairts; here there's an awfu' trouble to get a man."

CHR. "Fill your taupsels, lads and lasses, and awa to Veeneece Noo, we are in the hall o' judgment. Here are set the judges, awful to behold; there, on his throne, presides the Juke. Here, pale and hopeless, but resigned, stands the broken mairchant, Antonio; there wi' scales and knives, and revenge in his murderin' eye, stands the crewel Jew Shylock. They wait for Bell—I dinna mind his name—a laerned lawyer, ony way; he's sick, but sends ane mair laerned still, and when this ane comes, he looks not older nor wiser than mysel'.'

FLUC. "No possible!"

CHR. "Ye needna be sae sarcy, Flucker; for when he comes to his wark he soon lets 'em ken—runs his een like lightning ower the boend. 'This boend's forfeit. Is Antonio not able to dischairge the

ney?' 'Ay!' cries Bassanio, 'here's the sum thrice told.' Says the ng judge, in a bit whisper to Shylock, 'Shylock, there's thrice thy ney offered thee. Be mairciful,' says he, out loud. 'Wha'll mak ?' says the Jew boedy! 'Mak ye!' says he; 'maircy is no a thing ye ain through a seive, mon; it droppeth like the gentle dew fra heaven on the place beneath; it blesses him that gives and him that takes; becomes the king better than his throne, and airthly power is maist e God's power when maircy seasons justice.' "

JEAN. "Sae he let the puir deevil go. Oh! ye ken wha could nd up against siccan a shower o' Ennglish as thaat."

CHR. "He just said, 'My deeds upon my head. I claim the law,' s he; 'there is no power in the tongue o' man to alter me. I stay re on my boend.' Aweel, the young judge rises to deliver the sen- ce of the coort. Silence!" thundered Christie. "A pund o' that ne mairchant's flesh is thine! The coort awards it, and the law es give it.' "

LIZ. "There, I thoucht sae; he's gaun to cut him, he's gaun to t him; I'll no can bide!" [*Exits but soon returns.*]

CHR. "There's a fulish goloshen. 'Have by a doctor to stop e blood.' 'I see nae doctor in the boend,' says the Jew boedy."

FLUC. "Bait your hook wi' a boend, and ye shall catch yon carle's il, Satan, my lad."

CHR. [*with dismal pathos*]. "O Flucker, dinna speak evil o' egnities—that's maybe fishing for yoursel' the noo! 'An' ye shall t the flesh frae off his breest.' 'A sentence,' says Shylock; 'come, epare.'"

Christie made a dash *en Shylock*, and the company trembled.

CHR. " 'Bide a wee,' says the judge; 'this boend gies ye na a p o' bluid; the words expressly are, 'a pund o' flesh!'"

[*A dramatic pause.*]

JEAN [*drawing her breath*]. "That's into your mutton, Shylock."

CHR. [*with dismal pathos*]. "O Jean! yon's an awful' vcolgar prassion to come fra' a woman's mooth."

LIZ. [*confirming the remonstrance*]. "Could ye no hae said, til his bacon'?"

CHR. "'Then tak your boend, an' your pund o' flesh; but in cut-

ting o't, if thou dost shed one drop of Christian bluid, thou dies
Thy goods are by the laws of Veeneece con-fis-cate, confiscate!'"

Then, like an artful narrator, she began to wind up the story mo
rapidly. "Sae Shylock got to be no sae saucy: 'Pay the boend thrice
says he, 'and let the puir deevil go.' 'Here it's,' says Bassanio. N
the young judge wadna let him. 'He has refused it in open coor
no a bawbee for Shylock but just the forfeiture; an' he daur na ta
it!' 'I'm awa',' says he. 'The deivel tak ye a'.' Na! he was n
to win clear sae; ance they'd gotten the Jew on the hep they worrie
him, like good Christians, that's a fact. The judge fand a law tha
fitted him, for conspiring against the life of a citizen; an' he behoove
him to give up hoose an' lands, and be a Christian; and his dochte
had rin off wi' a Christian lad—they ca' her Jessica; and didn't sh
steal his very diamond ring that his ain lass gied him when he wa
young, an' maybe no sae hardhairted?"

JEAN. "Oh, the jaud! Suppose he was a Jew, it was na he
business to clean him oot."

LIZ. "Aweel, it was only a Jew boedy, that's my comfort."

CHR. "Ye speak as a Jew was na a man. Has not a Jew eye
if ye please?"

LIZ. "Ay, has he!—and the awfuest lang neb atween 'em."

CHR. "Has not a Jew affections, paassions, orrgans?"

JEAN. "Na! Christie; thir lads comes fra Italy!"

CHR. "If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle hi
does na he laugh?"

LIZ. [*pertly*]. "I never kittled a Jew, for my part; sae I'll no ca
tell ye."

CHR. "If you poison him, does he not die? and if you wran
him [*with fury*], shall he not revenge? Yon was a soor drap; h
tarned no weel, puir auld villain, an' scairtit; an' the lawyers sent an
o' their weary parchments till his hoose, and the puir auld heathe
signed awa' his siller, an' Abraham, an' Isaac, an' Jacob, on the hee
o't. I pity him, an' auld, auld man. Wha'll give me a sang for m
bonny yarn?"

"GRAN'THER'S GUN."

LEXINGTON, 1840.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

From "With Lead and Line." Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., lishers.]

[Suited to Patriot's Day, April 19.]

I MIND me well when I was young,
Upon the wall a musket hung,
Old, useless, clumsy to the sight;
But still we scoured and kept it bright.
The neighbors all knew "Gran'ther's Gun;"
He carried it at Lexington.

The dear old man was very old,
His years himself scarce could have told;
Forgot all else about the war,—
Forgot e'en that he bore a scar;
To all we asked he had but one
Reply, "I fought at Lexington."

"Gran'ther," we said, "you're very old,
Quite ninety years have o'er you rolled;
When you were young some things were new,
The town, and people in it, too:
What had you in those days for fun?"
He said, "We fought at Lexington!"

"Gran'ther," we said, "some persons say
That when one's locks get thin and gray,
One wishes, though the wish be vain,
His life he could live o'er again:
What would you do that you have done?"
He said, "I'd fight at Lexington!"

One morn we knew the end was near;
A distant drum he seemed to hear.
When, kneeling low beside the bed,
The minister, to comfort, said,
"Know'st thou, old friend, the fight is won?"
Those bending near caught, "Lexington."

We buried him upon the lands
For which he fought, where Concord stands;
The granite slab we sank in earth
Bore name and age and place of birth;
Else of inscription read you none
Save this, "He fought at Lexington."

THE BOY ORATOR OF ZEPATA CITY.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE day was cruelly hot. It was an eventful day in the histor of Zepata City. The court-house had been long in coming but at last it stood, a proud and hideous fact. It seemed a particu larly appropriate circumstance that the first business in the new court room should be something that dealt not only with the present, bu with the past of Zepata; that the trial of so celebrated an individua as Abe Barrow should open the court-house with eclat.

Abe Barrow, the prisoner, had killed, in his day, several of th Zepata citizens, and the corner where his gambling-house had stoo was still known as Barrow's corner.

Ten years before the day of our story the murder of Deputy-Sheri Welsh had led Barrow to the penitentiary, and a month previous h had been freed and arrested at the prison-gate to stand trial for th murder of Hubert Thompson. The fight with Thompson had bee a fair fight, and Thompson was a man they could well spare, but th case against Barrow had been prepared during his imprisonment b the new and youthful District-Attorney, Henry Harvey—the Bo Orator of Zepata City, as he was called.

The court-room, crowded even to the sills of the open windows, was as bare of ornaments as the cell from which the prisoner had just been taken. The judge sat at the back of the room; below was the green table of Henry Harvey; to one side sat the jury, ranch-owners, and prominent citizens, proud of having to serve on this first day, and on the other the prisoner in his box. Colonel John Stogart, of Dallas, the prisoner's attorney, procured at great expense, no one knew by whom, and Barrow's wife, a thin, yellow-faced woman, sat at Harvey's elbow. She was the only woman in the room.

Colonel Stogart's speech was good, and it was well that the best lawyer of Dallas should be present on this occasion, and that he should make what the citizens of Zepata were proud to believe was one of the efforts of his life. Colonel Stogart proved murder in the second degree.

Young Henry Harvey arose. He was very dear to the people of that booming town. In their eyes he was one of the most promising men in the whole great unwieldy state of Texas. He was clever in his words, in his deeds, and in his appearance. He saw all the men he knew —the men who made his little world—crowding silently forward, forgetful of the heat, of the suffocating crush of those about them, of the wind that rattled the doors in the corridors, and conscious only of him. He saw the rival lawyer from the great city nervously smiling; and he saw the face of the prisoner, grim, set, and hopelessly defiant. The Boy Orator allowed his uplifted arm to fall until the fingers pointed at the prisoner.

"That man," he said, "is no part or parcel of Zepata City of today. He comes to us a relic of the past—a past that has brought honor to many, wealth to some, and which is dear to all of us who love the completed purpose of their work. But the part this man played is that past lives only in the rude court records of that day, in the traditions of the gambling-hell, and the saloons, and on the head-stones of his victims.

"The same chance that was given to all to make a home in the wilderness, to assist in the civilization and progress, not only of this city, but of the whole Lone Star State, was given to him, and he refused it, and blocked the way of others, and kept back the march of

progress, until to-day, civilization, which has waxed great and strong—not on account of him, but in spite of him—sweeps him out of its way, and crushes him and his fellows. Gentlemen, the bad man has become an unknown quantity in Zepata, and in the State of Texas. It lies with you to see that he remains so. He went out of existence with the blanket Indian and the buffalo. We want men who can breed good cattle, who can build manufactories and open banks; storekeepers who can undersell those of other cities, and professional men who know their business. We do not want desperadoes and faro-dealers and men who are quick on the trigger. This man Abe Barrow belongs to that class. Free him to-day and you set a premium on such reputations: acquit him of this crime you encourage others to like evil. Let him go and he will walk the streets with a swagger, and boast that you were afraid to touch him—afraid, gentlemen—and children and women will point after him as the man who has sent nine others into eternity and who yet walks the streets a free man. And he will become in the eyes of the young and the weak a hero and a god.

"For the last ten years, your Honor, this man, Abner Barrow, has been serving a term of imprisonment in the state penitentiary; I ask you to send him back there again for the remainder of his life.

"Abe Barrow is out of date. What is his part in this new court-house which to-day for the first time throws open its doors to protect the just and punish the unjust? Is he there in the box among those honorable men, the gentlemen of the jury? Is he in that great crowd of intelligent, public-spirited citizens who make the bone and sinew of this our fair city? Is he on the honored bench dispensing justice and making the intricacies of the law straight? No, gentlemen; he is there in the prisoner's-pen, an outlaw, a convicted murderer, and an unconvicted assassin. Place him in the cell where he belongs, and from whence, had justice been done, he would never have been taken alive."

The Boy Orator sat down suddenly with a quick nod to the judge and jury. He noted the whispers of the crowd and the quick and combined movement of the jury with a sweet, selfish pleasure, and was conscious of nothing until the foreman announced the prisoner at the bar guilty of murder in the second degree.

The judge leaned across his desk. "Before I deliver sentence on you, Abner Barrow," he said, "is there anything you have to say in your own behalf?"

A tall broad-shouldered man leaned heavily forward over the bar of the prisoner's-desk. His face was white with prison tan, pinched, hollow-eyed and worn. When he spoke, his voice had the huskiness of non-use, and broke like a child's.

"I don't know, judge, that I have anything to say—in my own behalf. I don't know as it would be any use. I guess what the gentleman said was about right. I've had my fun, and I've got to pay for it—that is, I thought it was fun at the time. I'm not going to cry any baby act and beg off or anything, if that's what you mean. But there is something I'd like to say if I thought you'd believe me.

"All that man said of me is true. I am a back number; I am out of date; I am a loafer and a blackguard. I never shot any man in the back, nor I never assassinated no one, but that's neither here nor there. I'm not backing down now. Whatever you please to make my punishment, I'll take it and that makes it harder for me to ask what I want to ask.

"That man there told you I had no part or parcel in this city or in this world; that I belonged to the past; that I ought to be dead. Now, that's not so. I have just one thing that belongs to this city, and this world, and to me; one thing that I couldn't take to jail with me and that I'll have to leave behind me when I go back to it. I mean my wife.

"You sir, remember her, sir, when I married her, twelve years ago. She was Henry Holman's daughter. I took her from her home against his wish, sir, to live with me over my dance-hall. She gave up everything a woman ought to have to come to me. She thought she was going to be happy, I guess. Well, maybe she was happy for about two weeks, and after that her life was hell, and I made it hell; and when I was drunk I beat her.

"At the end of two years I killed Welsh, and they sent me to the penitentiary for ten years and she was free. She could have gone back to her folks and got a divorce, if she'd wanted to, and never seen me again. But what did this woman do—my wife—the woman

I'd misused and beat? She sold out the place and bought a ranch with the money, and worked it by herself, and worked day and night until in ten years she had made herself an old woman, as you see she is to-day.

"And for what? To get me free again; to bring me things to eat in jail, and picture papers and tobacco—working to pay for a lawyer to fight for me—to pay for the best lawyer. Working in the field with her own hands, working as I never worked for myself in my whole lazy, rotten life. And what I want to ask of you, sir, is to let me have two years out of jail to show her how I feel about it. Give me just two years—two years of my life while I have some strength left to work for her as she worked for me. I had the chance and wouldn't take it, and now I want to show her that I know and understand now when it's too late. I can't! It's too late! It's too late! Send me back for thirty years, but not for life. My God! Judge, don't bury me alive as that man asked you to."

For a moment no one moved.

Judge Truax raised his head. "It lies at the discretion of this court to sentence the prisoner to a term of imprisonment of two years or for an indefinite period, or for life. Owing to—on account of certain circumstances which have arisen—this sentence is suspended. This court stands—adjourned.

MARIE'S LITTLE LAMB.

[The Canadian French dialect combines the English, French, and Indian tongues. One of its peculiarities is that *he* is always used for *she* and *vice versa*. The following selection has been well received as an encore.]

MARIE wan little lam eel ave, jes wan
Wite her fleece lak snow
Hon top heveryting Marie been past
De lam bene walk halso.

She'll follow hon dee school wan day
Han hall broke hup dere rule
Dee cheeldren hall mak laf han play
Wen dem lam pass hon dee school.

Den dem teachaire turn her hout
De lam she'll stay hon dere
Patient-lee she wait habout
For Marie been happear.

Den she's run hat Marie
Trow her 'ead huppon ees arm
Jes lak she'll say Mah-a-a Marie dear
Been keep me from some harm.

For wy dem lam love Marie so
Dey hax each wan dem scholar
Marie's lots love dat lam hal know
Dem teacher ees been 'ooller.

DARKEY INNOCENCE.

J. W. MORGAN.

YER say I stole dat chicken, boss,
An' ketched me in de ac', sah!
Well, 'pearances et present iz
Agin' me fur a fac', sah,
But I'se er honest nigger, boss—
I preaches down in Macon,
An' neber libs on lux'ries, boss,
'Cep cabbage, co'n an' bacon.

De trufe ob de hole matter iz,
I'se comin' hyar ter borrer
A cupple ob sticks ob wood agin
De Sunday supe termorrer,

An' az I came in froo de gate
I heard a powful noise dar
In dat hen-house, an' I jes ran
Ter ketch some ob de boys dar.

I 'spec dat nigger Sam waz out
On one ob hiz perditions,
But turned out dat dar chick waz in
Er kurious persition.
He got hiz head froo two de slats,
Er floppin' an' er flirtin',
An' I jes pulled 'im out ter see
Ef any thing had hurt 'im.

I had ter break de slat den, kase
I couldn't pull 'im bac', boss,
An' when yer came I'se on de pint
Ob callin' yer—a fac', boss,
An' so yer see, I'se innercent
Ob any 'zire ter 'ceal it,
Kase dat dar nigger Sam's de tief
Wat put me up ter steal it.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

BRET HARTE.

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. The ditches an claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's Grocery" ha contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continue their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each othe to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was co lected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing.

The situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommo in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as entuck,' addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there and see hat you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other mes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact it was owing some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved e choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority.

By degrees, the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. In e midst of an excited discussion, an exclamation came from those arest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying d moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crack-g of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry,—a cry unlike anything ard before in that camp. The camp rose to its feet as one man.

Within an hour, the mother climbed, as it were, that rugged road at led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and ame forever. The door of the cabin opened and an anxious crowd men entered the room in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf which the figure of the woman was starkly outlined below the nkets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and thin it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring mp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon dicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, "will please pass in at the nt door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy."

Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious ocession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the ild turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger d held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and em-rrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-aten cheek. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows, as went out, and examined it curiously.

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed at night, nor did Kentuck. He walked up the gulch, past the cabin, histling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree

he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy.

"Anything up?"

"Nothing."

There was a pause, an embarrassing one, Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it, the little cuss," he said.

The next day, the woman had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp was met with objection. Stumpy, when questioned, averred stoutly that he could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained.

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather.

But, after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd.

"It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man stoutly, eying the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me."

A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun.

"But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp.

And so the work of regeneration began in the camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Thomas Luck" first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a fine sight to see Jack holding "The Luck," rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth his naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack, or the length of his song—it containing ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had

the desired effect. At such times, the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft, summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp.

On the long summer days "The Luck" was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine-boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there was beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times," and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. With the prosperity of the camp came the desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck," who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy.

The winter of 1881 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned.

"Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again." And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept over the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

When the morning broke the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, hey said, a man and an infant. It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely ssorted pair they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He s dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he re-eated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying, too." A smile it the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "He's -taking me with him——tell the boys I've got the Luck with me ow;" and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning an is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river hat flows forever to the unknown sea.

WAKIN' THE YOUNG UNS.

BEE-ULL! Bee-ull! O Bee-ull! my gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?
Th' hour hand's creepin'
Near ter five.
(Wal, blamed ef this 'ere aint vexatious!)
Don't ye hyar them cattle callin'?
And the old red steer a-bawlin'?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)
Mar'ann! it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'!
Brisk I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
The kittle's a-spilin'
Ter git hisself bilin'.
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

Jule! O Jule! Now what is ailin'?
You want ter rest?
Wal, I'll be blest!
S'pose them cows
'Ll give down milk 'ithout you pailin'?
You mus' be goin' crazy,
Er, more like gittin' lazy.
Come, now, rouse.
Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! Hey, Jake!
Whut you layin' theer fur?
You know the stock's ter keer fur?
So, hop out!
(That boy is wusser'n a rock to wake!)
Don't stop to shiver,
But jist unkiver,
An' pop out!
Git up! Git up!

Young uns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!
(Wal, consarn my skin!
They've gone ter sleep agin,
Fur all my tellin'!)
See hyar, I haint no time ter fool!
It's the las' warnin'
I'll give this morin'.
I'm done yellin'!
Git up! Git up!

SOLUS.

Wal, whut's the odds—an hour, more or less?
B'lieve it makes 'em stronger
Ter sleep er little longer
Thar in bed.

The time is comin' fas' enough, I guess,
When I'll wish an' wish 'ith weepin',
They was back up yender sleepin',
Overhead,
Ter git up.

POINTS: Impersonate face, voice, and mannerisms of an old man calling to children sleeping above. The selection given in connection with "You Git Up," by Joe Kerr, in "Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 3," (35c.) makes an effective number. In using both give "Wakin' the Young Uns" first, prefacing the poem with the following: "This selection is a little drama in two acts. Act I. represents an old gentleman about 5 A.M. trying to wake the children who are sleeping up-stairs. Act II. represents one of the small boys, who, between acts, had to be aroused from sleep in an unpleasant way by the old gentleman. Act I. 'The Old Man Wakin' the Young Uns.'" (Give it.) Act II. "The Small Boy's Soliloquy." (Give "You Git Up.") When both selections are used the part after "Solus" in the first should be omitted.

WHEN THE OLD MAN SMOKES.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

IN the forenoon's restful quiet,
When the boys are off at school,
When the window lights are shaded
And the chimney-corner cool,
Then the old man seeks his armchair,
Lights his pipe and settles back;
Falls a-dreaming as he draws it
Till the smoke-wreaths gather black.

And the tear-drops come a-trickling
Down his cheeks, a silver flow—
Smoke or memories you wonder,
But you never ask him,—no;

For there's something almost sacred
To the other family folks
In those moods of silent dreaming
When the old man smokes.

Ah, perhaps he sits there dreaming
Of the love of other days,
And of how he used to lead her
Through the merry dance's maze;
How he called her "little princess,"
And, to please her, used to twine
Tender wreaths to crown her tresses,
From the "matrimony vine."

Then before his mental vision
Comes, perhaps, a sadder day,
When they left his little princess
Sleeping with her fellow clay.
How his young heart throbbed, and pained him!
Why, the memory of it chokes!
Is it of these things he's thinking
When the old man smokes?

But some brighter thoughts possess him,
For the tears are dried the while.
And the old, worn face is wrinkled
In a reminiscent smile,
From the middle of the forehead
To the feebly trembling lip,
At some ancient prank remembered
Or some long unheard-of quip.

Then the lips relax their tension
And the pipe begins to slide,
Till in little clouds of ashes,
It falls softly at his side;

And his head bends low and lower
Till his chin lies on his breast,
And he sits in peaceful slumber
Like a little child at rest.

Dear old man, there's something sad'ning,
In these dreamy moods of yours,
Since the present proves so fleeting,
All the past for you endures.
Weeping at forgotten sorrows,
Smiling at forgotten jokes;
Life epitomized in minutes,
When the old man smokes.

GOOD BYE.

WE say it for an hour or for years,
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,
And yet we have no other word than this:
Good Bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going; thus we say
As unto him who steps but o'er the way:
Good Bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting at Life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night:
Good Bye.

THE OLD VIOLINIST'S CHRISTMAS.

HE was old and feeble and poor—just one of those examples of a man who has lived too long. Slowly he wended his way down the crowded street until he reached that sign which marks the border line of hope and despair for so many human hearts—the three balls. Poverty shone from his threadbare coat and worn shoes, it trembled in his old hand, it quivered in his thin lips and looked from his great, thoughtful, hungry eyes.

Proud blood flushed the pallid features of the old man as he approached the broker. More years than man has yet lived seemed weighing upon the bowed head, and not only the deep-set, hungry eyes, but every feature of that patrician old face expressed the humility of despair. He was facing the hardest trial that comes to the children of men—the self-confession of failure.

There, on the pawnbroker's ledger, which, like the roll of the recording angel, marks the downfall of many a soul and suffering enough to redeem it, was writ the name of this old man, and over on the shelf in a rough case lay his Amati—the child of his old heart, the mistress of his soul. Yes, he had failed, and in the ever active, exacting drama of the world there was no part for him to play.

"I haven't any money," admitted the old man. "But it's Christmas Eve, and if you will allow me to sit here and lend me my old violin I will play you a Christmas carol—a rhapsody."

There was a pleading in the old voice that would have opened a harder heart than the keeper of the shop beneath the three golden balls.

The night had grown old, and it lacked less than an hour of the day which was to bring peace to the world. The old musician shivered; it was the cold of the world without and the chill of a heart within that quivered from his very soul.

The touch of a loved one brings to life again all the glory of our dead selves. Youth to old age—strength to weakness—light to dull, aching eyes—courage, ambition, love, laughter—all it awakens. Gently the sacred prize was lifted—reverently its keys and strings were touched, as the old violinist drew the bow that was so perfectly

wedded to his master-hand. The look in the deep-set eyes was less hungry now and the hand was steady again. The hoary old head was no longer bowed in grief and shame, but drooped to touch the bosom of his love.

Out on the night air floated the joyous notes of the "Hosanna, hosanna to the Highest." Loudly they rang—and then the echo, soft and silvery, quivered a moment. It was the pulse of the soul throbbing in one magnificent blending of harmony. All the hunger and want and mortifying failure were forgotten, and the soul, young and strong in its glory, soared out in the tones of the Christmas anthem.

Then for a moment came the shadow of the present. The face became white again and the old hungry light shone from the eyes anew. Ah, how could he ever have parted with his companion of his soul-tried hours? Food purchased at this price would choke him now, but hunger is a persistent foe. It will wring from the heart almost any loved object.

You who know luxury or comfort, who have never felt poverty's heaviest curse—real, desperate, departing, aching hunger—may not see this truth, but there is nothing under God's heaven that twists the heart into distorted shapes, destroys ideals and compels us to surrender that which our hearts would bleed for under any other conditions like hunger. Its fire strikes into the heart and brain, and breaks a spirit which could face any other ideal, and so the violin had lain silent for many days.

Again the bow was drawn, though age had crept up to palsy the feeble limbs. Softly the "Miserere" moaned from the violin. "Ah, I have sighed to rest me, deep in a silent grave," gently trembled the melody, while in a minor key the obligato sent forth its wail. Wonderfully sad flowed the music from the old violin.

Then, as the cathedral chimes rang out the tidings that a Christmas day was born, the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" rushed forth in one magnificent soulburst from the strings of the violin. The old hand was firm and supple now; inspiration shone from the aged face. "Glory to God on high"—the tones seemed to soar beyond the sad, old world—upward, upward until it seemed to touch the star-studded dome and beyond to the throne most high.

"Peace on earth"—the benediction seemed to strike into every soul. The battle for earthly gain—the selfish passions, the heart-aches and sins—all, all were forgotten—peace, peace on earth. Fainter and fainter trembled the last glad notes.

The snowy old head rested against the loved Amati. The face was as white as the Christmas snow without—but the lips smiled. Peace on earth—peace, peace to the soul that slumbers.

THE BATTLE.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

Translated from the German by E. Bulwer-Lytton.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the great plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound,
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt
Gallops the major along the front,
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving."
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music,—the trump and the fife;

How they ring through the ranks which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone;
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone.
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host with kindling sound,
The shouted signal circles round;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death—
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close—foes upon foes.
"Ready!" from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground,
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight;
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!
The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumbles still on the corpses that sleep below.
"What—Francis! Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—

"I'll give—O God! are the guns so near?
Ho, comrades! yon volley! look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell.
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night,
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe;
Their thunder booms, in dying.
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night;
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

PEANUTTI'S VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

JOE KERR.

DA monka not feel ver well in Newa Yorka deesa spring—mea, too. Too much da grip. It maka monka sick—mea, too. Dat why we leava da place.

My friend, Macaroni Spaghetti, say:
"Peanutti, you go to Europa?"
I say: "You betta, you balda head."

Him ask: "You gotta da stuff—da mon'?"

I tella him da monka save alla da time lika da stinga man who nev' puts da advertise in da newspap'. Den him springa one joke: him say:

"Well, me hope you not come to da end of your rope before you come to da end of Europe."

Dat maka the monka sick—mea, too; but we taka da trip alla da same. We goa da firsta class, too. Da monka isa noa jay—Peanutti noa jay, too. When we go toa Amerique from Italia in de firsta place we sleep in da steer'ge. Getta sicka ina da steer'ge, but deesa time we maka da mind upa to go ina da righta shape, lika da butcher, da baker, ana da wholla crowd who land ina da Yankeeland with no shoes ona da feet and no clothes ona da back, but who go back home in a da few years and slap ona da lugs lika da richa lord.

We look around. We see alla da shipa. Soma de shipa ver' slick—soma de ship no good. Da monka wanta go bya da Frencha boat joost because he falla in love witha da Frencha girl froma da Jers' Sit', but him hata da froga legs, so when I tella him Frencha skiff stuffa us ona frogs alla da way, dat settle da biz, and I go down and see Mist' Cunard. Mist' Cunard sella me twins—two berths—one fora da monka, 'noder fora me. Den me backa da grippa and giva da New Yorka nosagripa da shake.

Big lot ofa da boys come down toa da shipa to seea da monka off—mea, too. Dey got what a da come for. Dey sawa da monk off—clear offa him base—mea, too. Geea whiz! We hava da great racket, and whena da boata sail past da Barthold's Lib, we seea da fifty-six Libs all ata da samma time. But dat maka no diff toa da ship—she hava no bigga load on ifa da monka did—mea, too. She skim along lika da bow-legga duck ina da mill-pond, and da peop' laugh, and da peop' smile, and da peop' hava granda bigga time, joost lika da boy ata da Sund'-school pickanick. But da nexta day da shippa go lika da drunka man. She roll, she stagger, she wabble all over da sea—she maka da monka sick and mea, too.

Poora monka. Him face turn toa da chalk-green-yellow color lika da nota ripe banan'; him keep ver' still; him hava him heart ina him mouf, buta da monka him ver' brave,—mea, too, jusa lika da

oder peop' who "nev missa da one meal," but who feela alla da time lika da whale felt joost before him elevate Jonah.

Mist' Cunard him ver' smarta; him very shrewd. Him hava da dining-room up ina da front end ofa da boat where she pitch and a-toss joost 'nough to knocka da appetite clean outa da monka,—mea, too. Him way ahead ofa da New Yorka board'-house keppers ona da grub-saving question.

Da bedda-room on de shippa have two shelves to sleep on—one fora da monka, 'noder fora me. Da monka sleep ona da toppa shelf, ana da first nighta him hava da night-horse. Him dream him home in him own bed. Aft' while him want a drink of da wat', so him raise up and him walk offa da shelf. Wow! Biff! him drop lika da dull sick thud. Him breaka him heart, and breaka da record alla da same time.

Ina da smoke-room we have da great lot of fun. Da Gov' ofa da North and da Gov' ofa da South Carolin' was there. Mist' Jag, ofa da New Yorka, was there, a duka, a lord, anda da monka, mea, too, anda da greata many more—Scotchman, Dutchamen, Johna Bulls Johnnies, chappies of alla kinds from alla da countries. Dey playa poke', playa whist, dey drinka, smoka, singa, dey tells da funny stor'. Dey betta how mucha da ship a-goin' to runa eacha day. Da monka ana da duka form one syndicate and go into de pool, dey almost get swamped, buta da monka isa no "Jonah"—him one mascot—him bringa lucka toa da duka and dey wina da big wad of mon'—Englisha mon'.

When I paid Mist' Cunard fora da tickets da monka t'ink da cover da passage. Notta mucha. We had toa fee and tip ev' man ona da boat froma da cook toa da smoke-stack. Dot maka da monka sick—mea, too.

We steama along da greata long time. We see noa land, noa ships, noa whales, noa ice-bergs alla da way. But one morning da monka look outa da portahole and it maka him grin alla over. I say, "Jocko-letta, whatta da mat'?" Him points him tail outa da wind'. I looka. Granda sight. It maka my heart and my stom' glad. Smootha wat', silver sunshine, greena and Ireland neara da Queensatown. Da monka jumpa for joy—mea, too.

Well, one Irish boata hitch onta da shippa, take offa da mails, leava da females. Den we sail over da Irish sea. Blue, blue, beautiful. Nexta night we reacha da Liverpool, nexta door toa da Kidneypool. Docks, docks all aroun' and noise lika da thund'-storm. Da monka pila out—mea, too. We setta da foot ona da terra firma onca more; thanka da Lord. Buta da land swing and sway, rocka and rolla alla da day, joost lika da boat. It maka da monka sick and mea, too. Den we maka da breaka to leava da place, buta da Liverpool officers what look lika da 'Mericano street-car conduct' say, "Era, whata you got in dat grippa sack?" I opened da grippa and showa my extra shirt and two pair socks and da one book by Rudyard Strippling. Da book catcha da eye ofa da custom man, and him say:

"Is Strippling an Americano author?"

Ia say, "No; the Americano peop' never heara about him."

"Well, you canna pass," de manna say, "Strippling is noa Englishman."

So we skippa out fora da Hotel Adelph'.

Liverpool is a da one brunetta. She ver' dark, ver' blacka from da coal smoke and olda age. Da peop' seema to be da children ofa da Ham, Sham, and Japeth alla da mixed together. Every face ina da street woulda stopa de besta Waterbury ina da world. Da streeta-cars are queer and slow and bad, buta da car-track isa smooth and good, and it beata da 'Mericano track alla to smash. Dey beata us on pavements and streeta signs. Liverpool is lika Chicag' ina da dirt and size, but nota ina de wind and getta—there eli push.

A SORCERESS.

MY mother bade me not to pass
Too near her shining looking-glass.
I thought it strange such things to say
To just a little girl at play:—
And so one hour of mortal sin
I crept quite close and long looked in.
And, oh I saw within, I guess,
Something men call—a sorceress.

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

IT was in the early summer, when my love and I last parted,
She the seaside sought, and left me in the city, broken-hearted;
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander
But her last words gave me comfort,—"Absence makes the heart grow
fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me.
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea-breeze lent me.
When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, she bade me ponde
Well the truth of that old saying: "Absence makes the heart grow
fonder."

Oft she spoke of her admirers—how she made them dance attendance
Made them carry books and baskets and forswear their independence
Spoke of one she nicknamed "Crœsus," who on her his wealth would
squander.
But she added: "Dear old goosie, absence makes the heart grow
fonder."

So I worked away quite happy, through the broiling summer weather,
Longing for the coming autumn when we'd walk the world together.
Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often conned her
Last one where the postscript told me: "Absence makes the heart
grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote: "I'm very busy."
I expostulated wildly with my wayward, witching Lizzie.
Once more came the same old answer, any other seemed beyond her,—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, absence makes the heart grow
fonder."

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at the seaside tarried.
Laughing at our wild flirtation, telling me that she was married.
And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read, my face turned yellow—
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow."

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT: A STORY OF JAPAN.

GEORGE JAPY.

IN the little Japanese village of Yowcuski, a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and the girls did not even know what they looked like except on hearing the description their lovers gave of their personal beauty.

Now it happened that a young Japanese one day picked up in the street a small pocket hand-mirror.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked at it, and to his intense astonishment saw the image of a brown face, with dark, intelligent eyes, and a look of awe-struck wonderment on its features.

"It is my sainted father. How could his portrait have come here? Is it, perhaps, a warning of some kind!"

He folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in a large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night he hid it away carefully in a vase, as he did not know of any safer place. He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, he thought, "Women are curious, and then, too, sometimes they are given to talking."

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a look at his treasure.

Now, in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time he came in like this. At first she was satisfied at his explanation when he told her that he only ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was really quite natural on his part, but when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression, she began to wonder in her heart of hearts. And so Lili-Tsee fell to watching, and she

noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house. She hunted day after day to see if she could find some trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing.

One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady, and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of the common in his putting the vase straight. The moment he had gone, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-glass out of the vase. Then the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why the portrait of a woman, and she had believed that Kiki-Tsum was so good and so fond and so true.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. The same face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look.

She had no heart for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on, nursing the portrait, and at the same time her wrath. When later on Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing ready for their evening meal, and no wife. He walked through to the other rooms.

"So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me, before we have even been married a year! What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?

"What do I mean? What do you mean? The idea of your keeping portraits in my rose-leaf vase. Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it, the wicked, wicked woman!"

"I cannot understand."

"Oh! you can't? I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous villainous looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face, a hideous face."

"Lili-Tsee, what do you mean? That portrait is the living image of my poor, dead father. I found it in the street the other day and put it in your vase for safety."

"Hear him! He wants to tell me I do not know a woman's face from a man's."

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and the quarrel went on. The loud angry words attracted the notice of a Japanese priest who was passing.

"My children," he said, putting his head in at the door, "why this unseemly anger? Why this dispute?"

"Father, my wife is mad."

"All women are so, my son, more or less. You were wrong to expect perfection. It is no use getting angry; all wives are trials."

"My husband has a portrait of a woman hidden in my rose-leaf vase."

"I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor, dead father."

"My children, my children, show me the portrait."

The priest took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it and in an altered tone, said: "My children, settle your quarrel and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is of a saintly and venerable priest. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face." He blessed the husband and wife, and then went away, carrying with him the glass which had wrought such mischief to place with the precious relics of the church.

WHEN ME AN' ED GOT RELIGION.

FRED W. SHIBLEY.

LONG about the time me an' Ed was just gettin' on friendly relations with our 'teens, a young Methodist preacher got stationed on the Milton circuit, an' took a notion of holdin' protracted meetin' in the little red schoolhouse. These revival services was a big event in the neighborhood in them days. We never had much of public amusement or excitement, an' a winter without a protracted meetin' was considered dull. The young folks 'specially enjoyed such a meetin', 'cause it was a place to go of a night, an' what with the queer things that happened an' the funny experiences told by the

converted, it stood us in place of a theater. Father was a natural leader at such times, an' as we kept the schoolhouse key, me an' Ed would be sent up early of a night to build the fire an' light the lamps We used to sock the wood to that old box-stove till the top got red hot an' the pipe roared. Then we'd set around an' wait for the folks to come.

Old Henry Simmonds was always the first to arrive.

"Wall, boys," he'd say to me an' Ed, "I see you got a good fire goin'. But that ain't nothin' to the fire as'll roast poor sinners if they don't obey the call an' come for'ard. Git religion, boys," he'd say. "Git religion early in life an' be an honor to your father an' mother."

Father never said nothin' to us 'bout gettin' religion, 'cause he thought us too young, but me an' Ed 'ud get mighty serious now an' then, as we was terrible 'fraid of dyin' an' goin' to the bad place an' welterin' in the fires there. It was good an' real to us then, I tell you; for beside what old Henry Simmonds was eternally dingin' into our ears, we'd the old family Bible at home, with its scarey pictures, to keep us shiverin' most of the time.

There was one picture in that Bible I'll never forget. It was 'long in Revelations an' was intended to show how an angel come to lock up Satan every thousand years. There was Hell itself a rollin' an' tossin' in flames, the smoke curlin' up in great clouds 'round about. Then there was the devil, in the shape of a horrible dragon, with claw feet an' savage, sharp teeth, an' a skin on him like a rhinoceros, crouchin' back, while a tall angel in bare feet an' long hair confronted him with a ponderous iron key. Blame if it didn't just about set our teeth to chatterin' every time we looked at that picture!

But it didn't take me an' Ed long to forget all about the devil an' the bad place the minute we got into out the open air, with the sun shinin' overhead an' with some mischief of other in our minds.

Well, this fall, long comes the young English preacher to hold protracted meetin', an' he was the most earnest young feller you ever see. He had the "penitentiary" bench full of "convicts" the first week, as old Dan, the French tailor, used to say.

Me an' Ed an' a few more boys set back by the stove an' made no move, but we could feel that the spirit or somethin' was workin'

in us. We knew we was awful sinners, but we hadn't the nerve to go forward. Will Tinker went forward, after a bit, and I remember well how I wished I was him. I could catch a glimpse of him a blubberin' away an' gettin' saved at one end of the penitent bench, an' when the prayin' was over an' the tellin' of experiences begun me an' Ed 'ud whisper back an' forth, after sizin' up the faces, an' guess who'd got religion that night. Some would come up tearful an' look as if all their friends an' neighbors was dead an' buried, while others would be calm-faced an' waitin' eagerly to be called on to tell what the Lord had done for them.

One night, after me an' Ed had gone to bed, an' I was just beginnin' to doze off, Ed scratched my leg with his big toe—a signal he had for openin' conversation.

"George," says he to me, "I'm goin' for'ard to-morrow night."

"You dasn't do it," says I.

"Yes, I dast," says he. "I'm goin' for'ard an' git religion."

"You go to sleep," says I. "You're a fool!"

"Well, I'm goin' for'ard just the same," says he.

"You dasn't go for'ard without me," says I.

"I dare, too," says he. "I'll kneel 'longside of Will Tinker."

I lay an' thought, an' was mighty uncomfortable. I knew if Ed went for'ard an' left me by the stove I'd be looked on as an outcast sinner, an' Ed 'ud crow over me like sixty if he got religion an' I didn't.

But next night, when the call to come forward came from the young preacher, Ed was pale as a sheet, and didn't stir.

"Ain't you goin' to git religion?" says I, nudgin' him, for I see he was scart.

"George," says he, faintly, "You go first; I'll foller."

That was what I wanted, an' when the next call come I marched up, with Ed at my heels, givin' Tish Brown a wink out of my left eye as I passed her.

We knelt 'side of Will Tinker, who was still seekin'; an', diggin' our knuckles into our eyes, waited for religion to come.

"Felt anything yet?" says I to Will, nudgin' him.

"Not a blame thing," says he, "an' my knees is 'bout wore out!"

I could hear Ed mumblin' away, an' so I started in to say my prayers, but it didn't seem natural, it not bein' bedtime.

By an' by 'long come old Henry Simmonds, who patted our heads.

"Good boys," says he, in his croaky voice. "Save the lambs, Lord!" says he, an' as he said it he stumbled over the end of a bench.

Will Tinker snickered right out, an' I hid my face in my hands to keep from laughin'. Say! I never wanted to laugh so bad in all my life. Me an' Will 'ud look at one 'nother sideways, an' then giggle to ourselves, but Ed kept as serious as a judge.

We didn't git religion that night or the next. Will Tinker give up in despair, an' left off goin' for'ard, but me an' Ed hung it out.

Finally, one night in bed I felt Ed's big toe scrapin' along my calf, an' I knew something was comin'.

"George," says he, "I b'lieve I've got it!"

"Got what?" says I.

"Religion," says he.

"When did you get it?" says I.

"Well, I've been figurin'," says he, "an' I guess I've got it."

I argued pro an' con, but couldn't shake him. I was in a pickle. I knew positive that I hadn't been moved a peg, but I dasn't let Ed get ahead of me.

Next night while we was buildin' the fire, I says to him:

"Ed," says I, "if you've got it, I've got it, too."

"Are you sure?" says he.

"Well, to tell the truth, Ed," says I, "I ain't dead certain."

"I guess you've got it, George," says he, "for you've looked solemn all day."

We stood up that night among the saved, an' father talked very nice to us an' mother cried a heap.

The next day we started out to live a pious life, an' carried our Sunday-school lesson in our pockets. We prayed for everybody we knew an' felt quite lifted up for nigh a week, an' then the crash came.

It was this way: Up in the gables of our barn was four little star-shaped holes for the pigeons to come in an' out, an' just below them holes a pair of martins had built their mud nest, an' me an' Ed had been figurin' for some time how to get up there an' investigate the

martin family. We could climb up just so far an' then have to give up.

Well, this day we started in to make a sure thing of them martins. We took off our boots, an' diggin' our toes into the clapboards an' hangin' to the joist, began to climb. Up we went, higher'n ever, an' I got so I could just reach the bottom of the martin's nest, when I heard a yell from Ed an' see him tumble backward to the mow below. He struck kerflop in the soft pea straw, an' at once began to holler. I crawled back as fast as I could, thinkin' he'd hurt himself. When I reached the mow I found him sittin' on a beam, with one foot in his hand, the toes all twisted up an' him a-cryin' to beat the band.

"Dum them thistles!" he says, sobbin'. "Gosh dum them blame thistles!"

He'd dropped fair into a bunch of straw full of thistles—dry, old, sharp, brown fellers—that run in like needles, an' his feet was full of 'em.

"Do they hurt you, Ed?" says I, feelin' bad for him.

He let out a yell, an' I see he was crazy mad.

"Gosh dum them thistles!" was all he could say. "Gosh dum them gosh dum thistles!"

"Ed," says I, "I thought you had religion?"

"Dum them thistles—blame 'em!" says he. "Gosh dum 'em!"

"Ed," says I, "stop cussin'. You got religion."

"I ain't got no religion! Dum religion!" he howls.

"You're a backslider," says I, nippin' a long, ugly thistle from the calf of his leg.

"Dum religion!" says he, sobbin'. "Dum the martins, too," says he, glancin' up at them. "Gosh dum 'em!"

"Ed," says I, "you'll go to the bad place, sure."

"I don't give a dum!" says he.

"I'll go to Heaven," says I, "an' you'll go to the bad place."

"Go where you like," says he. "There ain't no thistles in the bad place, anyhow," says he, defiant as you please.

He kept dummin' away savage as could be till he'd found the last thistle. Then we went to play over by the pig-pen.

That night Ed's big toe told me he'd something to say, an' I waited.

"George," says he, "I wish you'd give it up."

"Give up what?" says I.

"Religion," says he. "I ain't got it, an' I don't want to go to the bad place alone."

In my heart I was glad to be let off from prayin' an' bein' solemn, but I made the most of it.

"Give me the green alley with the white rings," says I, "an' I'll do it."

"I'll give you four brown marbles," says he.

"The green alley," says I, "or I stick."

"I'll give you five," says he.

"Nothin' but the green alley," says I, for I knew I had him.

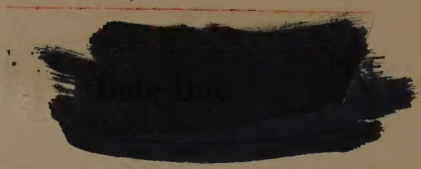
He thought for some time, an' finally wavered.

"Say 'dum religion,' same's I did," says he, "an' I'll give you the green alley."

I had to say it, an' then we both went to sleep. We was hardened sinners from that time on, until Ed growed up an' got to be a preacher himself.

One day I says to him, sittin' smokin' in his study, when he was preparin' a sermon; "Ed, says I, "do you remember that time we went up after martins and lost religion?"

Ed grinned. "You don't ever forget anything, George," says he. "What boys we was!"



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